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Incorporating the
Australian Home Budget

AUGUST 5, 1950

PRICE



The Australian

Over 725,000 Copies Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY



**GLAMOROUS AMERICAN FASHION
PARADES FOR AUSTRALIA**

ANY kind of Cold—

FEVERISH
Cold

SNEEZY,
HEADACHY
Cold

Cold with
ACHES
& PAINS

SHIVERY
Cold

SORE
THROAT
Cold

— it's all the same
to **'ASPRO'**

As most people know from experience, colds and 'flu do not always start the same way. Sometimes a sore throat is the forerunner of the trouble, sometimes shivery sensations or grogginess, sometimes aches and pains, or feverishness.

Perhaps all or several of these symptoms may be experienced together.

One of the many features of 'ASPRO' is that it is not a medicine for one specific purpose and that purpose alone. 'ASPRO' is effective in a variety of conditions.

In the one action 'ASPRO' soothes away the aches and pains, the shiveriness and groggy feeling and reduces the temperature ('ASPRO' is an anti-pyretic). 'ASPRO' can be used with water as a gargle for sore throat.

By relieving the distracting and painful symptoms of a cold or 'flu, 'ASPRO' restores your sense of well-being and from that moment Nature can begin her healing work.

And remember — all that 'ASPRO' does, it does SAFELY.

"'ASPRO' a by-word in our home" says

Mrs. Ticehurst of West Aust.

28 Osborne Street, Leederville, W.A., 6/9/49.

Nicholas Pty. Ltd., Perth, Dear Sirs—

I just have to write and tell you how marvellous I think 'Aspro' is. I'm never without a packet in the house and we use it for every pain and ache. It's a by-word in our home—as soon as any one gets a pain it's "where's the 'Aspro'."

I suffered with severe pain for months and 'Aspro' brought me untold relief—I can't sing its praises enough and recommend it to everyone.

Yours truly, (Signed) D. Ticehurst.



Thanks from Melbourne. Read this:

Mr. L. T. Gordon, 40 Nicholson St., Essendon, Vic., writes:—Dear Sirs,—I am writing to let you know how very effective I find your 'Aspro' tablets. I find that three 'Aspro' tablets taken with warm lemonade break up the heaviest cold over-night. Also, I have never known a sleepless night since I have been using 'Aspro'.

2 'ASPRO' tablets with your cup of tea soothe away HEADACHE & NERVENESS



THE PURITY OF 'ASPRO'

conforms to the standard laid down by the British Pharmacopoeia—a guiding authority of the Medical Profession.

SWIFT CERTAIN SAFE for

COLDS
INFLUENZA
HEADACHE
RHEUMATISM
NERVE PAINS
IRRITABILITY
PERIODIC PAINS
SLEEPLESSNESS
TEMPERATURE
SORE THROAT
TOOTHACHE
LUMBAGO
EARACHE
SCIATICA
NEURITIS



'ASPRO' Does not harm the HEART or STOMACH

A2/50

Nicholas Product

M for MINX

By
MARY JAMES

1 AUG 1950

Steve was a shy suitor. He found you don't have to be a dog to live in a doghouse.

I WATCHED Madeleine walk out of my office and thought how lovely she was in her red dress with her smooth dark hair. There's no way I can adequately describe Madeleine or the way I feel about her. Sometimes in a book or in a line of a song I think: That's it! That's her exactly. But in everyday life one doesn't talk like that, and if I put it in a letter she'd know it was cribbed from somewhere, because I'm not the romantic type.

I went through to her office and leaned up against the door waiting for her to finish telephoning to tell her how much I appreciated the flowers she had put on my desk.

She has the most beautiful legs, and never bothers to pull her skirt over her knees. She has a way of sitting sideways at her desk with her legs stretched out and her body half-leaning over the typewriter as if she had all the leisure in the world.

"Yes?" she asked gently. She replaced the receiver and pushed the instrument away. With a sudden dazzling smile she explained, "I was just talking to the man I love."

There was nothing I could say except, "Oh, yes," and that was absurdly inadequate, so I gulped and said instead my piece about thank-you-for-the-flowers.

"I grew them myself," she said radiantly. "In a box outside my kitchen window."

The idea of Madeleine cutting her flowers from her window-box for me so overcame me that I found the nerve to ask her to come out and have dinner with me that very evening.

She shook her head. "I want to wash my hair and one or two things." She rubbed a thoughtful finger over her chin. "Look, come and have a snack with me tomorrow evening at the flat. Brian has promised to come some time after nine. We could make it a little party."

I'd have preferred to have her to myself, but it was a definite step forward in my relations with her, better than a public restaurant and the office anyway. "Thanks. I'll bring along a bottle of something," I told her.

I couldn't help wondering about this Brian chap. I supposed he was the dashing type whom all women raved over, or maybe the quiet protective type. She had not mentioned him before, and I had known her for a month and taken her out three times.

But I remembered something she had said to me once. She said: "You know, you'd be much improved if you had more conceit." I couldn't tell her that it was only when I was with her that I was conscious of a humbled inferiority; in my job and when I was with other girls who didn't mean very much in my life, I was positively purposeful.

I left the office early the next evening, so early that I went into the Flamingo for a drink. I took my drink into a corner by the electric fire and pretended to read the newspaper. There were two girls up at the bar, legs twisted, hats on the back of their heads, talking in low animated voices about some poor wretch called "Tony" whom they were jolly well going to see got his deserts.

There was a large blond fellow in a frightful checked sports jacket being mighty entertaining for the benefit of a brunette of the greyhound type. He had a handsome, dashing caddishness that the brunette obviously adored. I couldn't help reflecting:



"I'm worried about Minx, Steve," Madeleine said, clasping the dog.
"She seems to be getting worse."

If I were like him, Madeleine would probably be in love with me.

Madeleine's flat was in Randolph Gardens. One climbed three flights of stairs to an attic that had a yellow front door and a sign painted in red which read Studio Flat. I raised the leering head of a brass knocker and knocked.

The door was opened by Madeleine and her first words were: "Will you be an angel and walk Minx to the end of the road?" She thrust into my arms a little bundly brown spaniel with bright inquisitive eyes and an exploring long red tongue. "Brian gave her to me. Isn't she a pet? I've trained her to pick up my handkerchiefs and scarves and bring them to me."

I wasn't too keen on going away again just when I'd arrived, but I obligingly carried

Minx down on the pavement outside and allowed myself to be trotted to the end of the road at the end of a thin red lead. I wished I had thought of giving Madeleine a dog. I considered Brian, and came to the conclusion that he was the lean, country type who smoked a pipe and drank mild-and-bitter.

When I got back Madeleine was ready with the supper. It was a tasty little meal laid on a small table, with red candles in green wooden holders and minute table-napkins that slipped off one's lap. Goodness knows what I was eating!

But I can describe everything about Madeleine: her black frock with the frills at the back to give a bustle effect, and her hair combed out into a long tucked-under curl on

her shoulders. Her lips were brilliant, and her eyes were deep-set and sparkling.

"We'll get all this cleared away before Brian comes," she said briskly, the moment I'd eaten the last shred. So up I had to jump because of that chap and help with the washing-up, and sweep up the cigarette ash in the hearth. Before we started on the chores Madeleine put a record on the gramophone. I had never heard it before; I shall never forget it. Madeleine played it over and over.

Then when everything was done she turned it off and closed down the lid of the instrument. She asked me the time, and I said reluctantly that it was almost nine. She had said Brian would arrive at nine.

Please turn to page 4

Rescue Party by WEG.



It's a solid "meal between meals"



All eyes stop, look and glisten when "Raisin Nut" Milk Chocolate appears. Choice, juicy raisins, crisp, toasted almonds—blended with Mac. Robertson's velvety-smooth "Extra Cream" Milk Chocolate. Is it any wonder we call "Raisin Nut" Milk Chocolate a "meal between meals"? Full pre-war quality.

Made by **MacRobertson** The Great Name in Confectionery 803

Friday night is AMAMI night!



* The day you use Amami with its pure, gentle, health-and-beauty ingredients—that will be the moment your true happiness and confidence will begin. Romance thrives on the lovely well-behaved hair assured to you by a regular Amami shampoo. For Amami has been used by attractive brunettes—and blondes every Friday night for over twenty-six years—nearly 1,400 Amami Nights! Put your hair in the care of a regular Amami shampoo.

AMAMI No. 1 for Brunettes. No. 5 Blondes

AMAMI

Shampoos

After your shampoo
AMAMI WAVE SET
for Waves and Curls

T

THEN followed that unsatisfactory interlude of waiting for someone. Madeleine sat on a low stool, clasping her knees, and I slouched in an armchair, not looking at her too much because it was suddenly an agonising business to know how desirable and lovely she was.

I kept remembering her voice and the way her eyes had shone when she said: "I was talking to the man I love." I thought if it hadn't been for this, and the way she was on tiptoe with excitement for Brian to arrive, I might have told her that I loved her and asked her to marry me.

I would have told her about the little cottage I had out of town, and how it wanted gay curtains and flowers stuck about just to make it come to life.

I might even have gone further than this and told her how I had bought the cottage two years ago when I was in love with a girl who threw me over for another fellow.

I would have tried to find words to make her understand why it was I didn't feel any conceit, like she said; and why I was so dumb about telling her all the wonderful thoughts I had about her.

After a bit she sat on the floor and we talked in a disjointed sort of way, because I couldn't take my mind off Brian, and fancying I heard his step on the stairs.

The room was warm, the candles threw long fluttering shadows, and there was just enough firelight to show the soft curve of her chin and the half-parted fullness of her mouth. The little dog had climbed into her lap and was gently snoring.

It was ten o'clock when she roused herself. "Brian isn't coming," she said, and I could not tell from her voice if she were disappointed or resentful. "Sometimes he works late. I'm not on the phone so he can't let me know." She shook out the folds of her skirt and pushed her fingers under her hair. It was almost dark and I could not see her face. "We'll take Minx for a walk, just up the road and back," she said lightly.

On our return she picked Minx up and tucked her under her arm. "Look, I'm tired. I think I'll go to bed," she said. I felt her hand touch mine in the darkness. "Good-bye Steve, thanks for coming along this evening."

A few nights later I went into the Flamingo for sandwiches. There was nothing to eat in my flat except for a piece of cheese attached to a wedge of rind. Besides, I was restless. Madeleine had been in the other branch of the firm for the past three days and I had missed her. I hoped she might come into the club.

The greyhound-type brunette was there. She was attractive in a way, and she looked lonely, too. I thought I might talk to her, and she might be just the girl to put Madeleine in a light that made her less than life-size. The girl noticed the way I was staring and she looked at me for a steady second and just faintly smiled. The door opened and in came the big blond chap she had been with the first time.

"Thought I'd find you here," he said cheerfully, and I knew I wouldn't now be in the least welcomed by the brunette.

It was drizzling outside. The evening stretched interminably ahead. There were half-a-dozen things I could do, friends I could ring up, but I didn't want to do anything until I had seen Madeleine again. I was crazy about her, and it was all no use because of this Brian: as bad as being in love with another man's wife, I thought savagely, as I left the Flamingo and made for her flat.

There was a light coming from below her door and when I knocked it opened immediately. She was wearing a green housecoat affair, her hair done up like a cottage loaf. "Oh," she cried, and put her hand to her lips. Then she said quietly, "Come in, Steve." I saw she was expecting

someone. The room had that tidy, expectant appearance, and there was a tray laid with cups and a plate of sandwiches. In front of the fire the little dog, Minx, was curled up in a box lined with a cushion.

Madeleine said at once: "I'm expecting Brian. Minx is ill. You can see, can't you? Brian knows about dogs and is bringing along some pills."

I knew a little about dogs, too. I only had to bend down and take Minx's head in my hand to know at once that she had distemper.

"She ought to go to the vet," I said shortly.

"Well, when Brian comes we can take her in a taxi," Madeleine answered. Well, I just wasn't going to make a background for Brian's efficient know-how, so there was nothing to do but take myself off—even though Madeleine made a very polite pretence of wanting me to stay.

Back in my own room I changed into a dressing-gown, slumped in a chair and listened to a broadcast thriller. The murdered woman's name was Madeleine, and the crime was motivated by passion and jealousy.

It was past eleven when my door-bell whirled. I was just getting into bed. Struggling into my dressing-gown, my heels treading down the backs of my slippers, I went to open the door.

There was Madeleine. She had a coat slung over her housecoat, and

"Go anywhere in England where there are natural, wholesome, contented, and really nice English people; and what do you find? That the stables are the real centre of the household."

—G. B. Shaw, "Heartbreak House."

carried Minx in her arms. Her eyes were wide and distressed.

"Oh, Steve, I'm sorry to trouble you, but I'm scared to death about Minx. She seems worse . . ."

She was breathless with anxiety. I took her into my sitting-room, settled her in an armchair and had a look at Minx. She was certainly in pretty poor shape. "What did your friend Brian think about her?" I asked.

Madeleine looked down at her clasped hands. "He didn't come after all," she said. "A girl came round instead with a message to say he couldn't make it to-night, but as long as Minx was kept warm she'd be all right until to-morrow."

She broke off, stifling a sigh, and then astonished me by asking: "Steve, do you think Mona Lisa with frizzed hair would be attractive to a man?" she asked.

"Definitely no," I replied, completely out of my depth, except that her hair was smooth and glossy as a raven's wing.

"That's what this girl looked like," Madeleine's voice was scornful. She took Minx from me and wrapped her in the jacket in which she had brought her through the streets. "What should we do about her?"

It was after eleven o'clock and even veterinary surgeons have their regular hours. But if she had insisted I would have gone. I'd have done anything, the way she sat looking at me as if all she had in life depended upon me.

"Leave Minx here with me and I'll take her along to-morrow to a vet who's a pal of mine. I'll tell you what he says when I get to the office."

We made Minx a royal bed in the armchair propped round with cushions and her head just peeping out of the covering jacket. Then I put trousers and jacket on over

M for Minx

Continued from page 3

my pyjamas and took Madeleine home. "I'm terribly grateful to you, Steve," she murmured, and just for a moment she put her head against my shoulder and her hand squeezed mine. "Good-night."

The vet confirmed my diagnosis of distemper and agreed to keep Minx for about a week. When I got to the office I rang Madeleine and told her I'd give her a full report that evening at the Flamingo. I was out to show her I was the masterful type, and hung up before she could produce an engagement with Brian.

There was no one at the club, a counter attraction being a dance at the hotel next door. We drank a cocktail and nibbled dry biscuits smeared with something called savory spread. I made a lot of the vet's opinion on Minx, and everything was fine till Madeleine said suddenly: "I must make a phone call."

She borrowed twopence and dived into the private box alongside the bar. I tried to make out from the shape of her lips what she was saying, but she didn't seem to be talking much, just smiling and laughing several times.

She was radiant when she joined me. "I was speaking to Brian," she explained. She opened her bag and looked at herself in her mirror. "He wants me to meet him to-morrow evening at Leicester Square. Seven prompt. We might do a show." She patted and preened and even smiled at her reflection. It was maddening. I wanted to shake her.

"I should think twice about that if I were you," I said curtly. "He might not turn up and Leicester Square isn't a very nice place for a girl to hang about."

She hurriedly gathered up her things, not looking at me. "Just for that catty remark, you can take me straight home," she retorted.

Next morning the firm sent me north for a few days, and there wasn't time even to say good-bye to Madeleine. I caught a glimpse of her whisking down the corridor towards the lift as I emerged from the managing director's office.

The morning I returned to my office there was a note on my desk. It was scribbled in blue pencil and signed "Madeleine." Just to remind me, she wrote, that Minx was to be fetched from the vet's that day and would I meet her?

She was ahead of me, and was waiting with Minx in her arms in the vet's hall. She was flushed with happiness, and extraordinarily lovely. I never knew anyone change her hair-style as often as Madeleine, and every time she looks more beautiful. I don't know quite how it happened, but I distinctly remember having my arms round her for a moment.

"She's much better. Isn't it grand? Shall we take her a little stroll in the park and let her enjoy the grass?" She slipped her hand through my arm. "Thank you for being so sweet to Minx. We're both very, very grateful," she whispered.

When an hour later we turned into the Flamingo the place was crowded. Several people greeted us, but I steered Madeleine very firmly into a corner and made it quite obvious that crashers-in were unwelcome. Madeleine took off her hat and fanned out her hair with her fingers. Minx curled up on the seat beside her and closed her eyes.

"She's very well-behaved," said Madeleine proudly. She stared around and her eyes suddenly widened. Leaning towards me she whispered, pointing: "There's the Mona Lisa with the frizzed hair! Up there, sitting at the bar."

Please turn to page 24.

THE HALO WOULDN'T FIT

By
**FRANCES
SHIELDS**



Concluding our romantic two-part serial

PEACE - LOVING. middle-aged KENNETH HALLIDAY arrives back from a shooting trip to find his home the centre of a romantic tangle.

Lois, his pretty and very intelligent daughter, is in love with her employer, scientist SAMSON TRENT. Samson is in love with glamorous night-club singer MARGUERITE. CHARLES MILES, aided by Mrs. HALLIDAY, is trying to further Lois' suit by monopolising Marguerite.

Marguerite, however, foiling their efforts, triumphantly carries Samson off from the Halliday home to escort her to her night-club.

Now read on:-

SOME time in the night, Charles awoke suddenly. A long line of seals seemed to be barking in the living-room. He got into his dressing-gown and slippers, padded out to the dark sitting-room and turned on the light.

Mr. Halliday, hopelessly entangled in blankets, was sitting up on the sofa, his face purple and his eyes watering.

"Slight tickle," he said in the voice of one whose throat itched beyond endurance. "Didn't want to bother the wife, so I came out here."

"Shall I wake Mandy?" Charles asked.

"No. I love the woman, you understand, but she's no Florence Nightingale. Loses her head completely." His voice was plaintive.

Charles correctly assigned the plaintiveness to the illness.

"Shall I call a doctor?" he asked.

"I hate doctors," said Mr. Halliday hopelessly.

"Cough medicine?"

"I'll have a hot whisky. Make yourself one, too."

Charles agreed. He took a bottle from the cabinet and went to the kitchen to boil water, moving on tiptoe.

The kettle bounced out of his hand and rolled like a cannon ball across the floor, ending up with a metallic boom against the wall.

A moment later, Lois stood in the doorway. "What's going on between you boys?"

"Revelry by night."

"Why didn't you call me?"

"He doesn't want to be fussed over," Charles said, "and besides, I can sleep late in the morning and you can't."

Lois blinked. "Are there many men in the world as thoughtful as you, Charles?" she inquired. "Or are you unique?"

"I'm not like this with everybody," he mumbled.

Lois chose to ignore this statement. "Most men, except my father, like to be fussed over when they're ill, don't they?"

"Capably fussed over, yes. I know I do. I like my women to show the proper amount of solicitude."

Lois nodded. "You go ahead with that hot drink and I'll take a look at him."

Relieved at her air of tender competence, Charles waited for the kettle to come to the boil. Emerging with the steaming tumbler into the sitting-room, he found Mr. Halliday sitting up in the lamplight, his blankets neatly rearranged, his lips closed scornfully on a thermometer.

Lois had her fingers on his wrist.

"How long keep this in mouth?"

Mr. Halliday articulated round the

thermometer. "Been there full year."

"Hush, darling," Lois said. She soothed the belligerent fringe of hair circling his skull. It was a gesture of infinite tenderness, like a mother soothing a fretful child, and Charles found himself touched.

Lois extracted the thermometer from her father's mouth and squinted at it under the lamp.

"We'll have a doctor in the morning," she said, and began tucking her father in for the rest of the night.

"Did anyone," Charles asked, "ever tell you you look devastating in that pink dressing-gown?"

"I seldom wear pink dressing-gowns in public," said Lois, smirking. "And anyway, no one ever told me I look devastating in anything."

Charles clapped a hand to his forehead. "Lois, while you are under my tutelage, you will please learn to accept a compliment gracefully."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. Now tear yourself away from that blarney stone and go to sleep. You, too, dad." She turned off the light firmly.

Charles went back to bed, thinking she seemed genuinely to like him, even if it was the way a patient liked a doctor who gave him special attention. Still thinking, he pulled the blankets over his head and fell asleep.

In what seemed ten minutes, he was awakened by Mrs. Halliday's worried tones.

"Of all the times to get flu, Kenneth! Have you rung the doctor, Lois? What do you think of dry toast?"

"I don't know how you can think of work when I'm ill," Lois said reproachfully.

"What advice?" said Charles.

"Last night, when we were taking care of my father, you said a man liked a woman to show a certain amount of solicitude for him."

"So I did. Well?"

"Well, it seems after the party last night, Samson went for a stroll with Marguerite. She likes a walk at night. Isn't that sweet?"

"Each to his tastes, I always say. So?"

"So he fell asleep in his office after lunch. He looked tired out. Ordinarily, I'd have wakened him and we'd have got down to work, but I remembered what you said. So, like a sweet little Florence Nightingale, I took off his shoes, covered him with his overcoat and let him sleep. I was being tender, you see."

"And then what?"

Please turn to page 26



Jantzen opens the season with another glorious range of swim suits and sun clothes — stunning fabrics (14 of them), exciting styles (68 of them), and vibrant colours and patterns (73 of them). All this — and Jantzen's perfect permanent fit.

His "Aquaduck." Satin-Lastex, imported exclusively for your Jantzen. For all its smoothness, there's a built-in supporter and a concealed draw-cord that don't meet the eye. Six Jantzen he-colors to choose from: Black, Lemon-tint, Ice Blue, White, Royal, Flamingo. Price 55/-.

Hers "Flame Flowers" - vivid, exotic - on Jantzen's exclusive new fabric, SATIN SLEEK! "Lastex" swirls through glistening rayon giving you exceptional figure control with a beautifully soft gleam. The bra is deftly divided for firm, smooth uplift. Straps cross to a flattering U-shaped back. Price 65/-.

Be attractive whilst you're active

Jantzen

Obtainable only from retail stores

BLOCK BUSTED

By Geoffrey Adams

Working back is always a trouble, but discovering a murder at the same time — that's real trouble.

I CURSED my conscientiousness as I walked into the brightly lit entrance of the office building and rang for the lift. If it hadn't been for that conscientiousness I would have been out enjoying myself instead of sending my conscientious way back to my office for some extra-curricular copy-writing.

Somewhere at the top of the dark lift-well I heard the grunting and groaning sounds of the elevator and then the slow whine as it descended towards me.

By way of good measure I cursed Mason's rotten little ten-thousand pound account and his completely unreasonable need to fill the new advertising space he'd bought in what seemed to me to be every newspaper in town. As though I didn't have bigger accounts than his to worry about.

With a couple of jerky shudders the lift hove-to at the ground floor. I got in and pressed the button marked seven.

If old Mason had been alive I wouldn't have had this pre-emptory order to fill for new ads. Grand old fellow, Mason, a real old school gentleman. No wonder he'd worked the business up to be one of the most exclusive jewellers in town.

Anthony Mason, his son, who had taken over, I didn't like so much. Nice enough but not a patch on the old man.

The lift stopped at seven and I got out.

Automatically I pulled out my bunch of keys and selected the one that fitted the outer door. I needn't have bothered, however, for the door was open.

I walked through the reception room that two interior decorators had made look as if it were two hundred years old instead of two months. I walked on past the executive offices and into the corridor that divides the production from the creative offices.

The production offices are on the left going in, and the creative offices, housing the copywriters and other underpaid agency characters, on the right. Mine was on the right, just opposite Mike Benson's.

As I walked down I could see Mike's lights were on; that accounted for the front door. All the other offices were in darkness, and across the floor from Mike's door the light made a triangle of brightness.

I looked down at this and it was then I stopped dead in my tracks. Sticking out into the orange patch was a hand, and for some reason or other I knew right away that there was a dead body on the other end of it.

I get scared like everybody else and the only thing brave about me is the color of the ties I wear. I felt like turning around and beating it. But in thirty-two years you get used to feeling like that and steady yourself up when it seems that's what's expected of you.

That's what I did.

I circled wide to the other side of the corridor and looked into Mike's office. I didn't need a microscope to see that he was dead all right.

Just then it hit me like a trip-hammer. Maybe the murderer was still in the building.

I didn't waste time; I ran back up the corridor to the manager's

office. I slipped inside and locked the door on the inside.

I slid my hand up the architrave to the light switch and was just about to switch it on when I heard a sound behind me. Instinctively I spun around and jumped sideways.

There was someone in the room, there was no doubt about that, and as I stood flattened against the wall I expected to hear the crash of a gun any tick of the clock. Nothing happened, however, as seconds seemed to tick away into eternity.

The seconds ticked by interminably. I waited without moving. I couldn't have been there more than a few minutes, but I felt cramped and uncomfortable. I waited with my eyes fastened on the bulk of the desk in the room. I knew there was someone there.

At last inaction became unbearable, so slowly I began to edge my way along the wall. Step by step I moved, and with each step I could see further and further behind the desk. Another step, another step, and then I saw it.

Just the tip of a woman's high-heeled shoe.

I could have laughed with relief, because somehow a woman, even if she was a murderer, didn't scare me

a bit. I walked back and switched the light on, and then slowly I moved over to the desk.

"Okay, stand up," I said. There was a scuffle as the girl scrambled to her feet and, twisting as she rose, backed, white-faced, to the wall.

"Good grief, Linda!" I said. Her mouth was half open as though she was going to scream, but relief flooded into her eyes as she recognised me.

"Saul," she said. "Oh, Saul, I thought—" her voice trailed away into a half sob as she buried her face in her hands. I walked over and put my hand on her shoulder. I had liked Linda ever since I met her a year ago when she became Tony Mason's secretary.

"I'm all right now, Saul; quite all right." Her laugh was nervous, but her chin was up.

"Have you been outside?" I asked. She nodded dumbly, looking at me with a kind of half-scared, half-apprehensive look.

"Then you saw it," I said. She nodded again.

Since my first surprise at seeing her there, it slowly seeped through to me that it wasn't reasonable that Anthony Mason's secretary should be in Simpson's Advertising Agency

"What are these things, anyway?" the detective asked Anderson. "They do all the printing from them, do they?"



at this time of night. I didn't ask her; I just waited.

"I came because Mr. Mason sent me," she said. "That's what you were wondering, wasn't it?" I was going to say "No," but changed my mind and said "Yes."

"He asked me to see Mike Benson this afternoon and get some blocks from him, but I was out all the afternoon. I got back to the office after Mr. Mason had gone and decided I'd come up after dinner and see if Mike or you were here."

"I phoned through when I got back to the office, but they said Mike had gone; that's why I left it until to-night. The switch girl said he might be back." Maybe I looked a bit sceptical, because she went on quickly.

"It's perfectly true, Saul. He told me to get all last year's blocks and bring them back to him." This was getting crazy. What would Anthony Mason want with blocks?

A block is the metal plate that an advertisement is printed from. It's tacked to a piece of wood for technical reasons, and the only people that have any use for those are advertising agencies or printers. Mike is the production man on Mason's account, and as such keeps all the blocks filed away in a special cabinet ready to send out to the papers when any particular ad. is wanted.

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TOM PIPER
Rich **PLUM PUDDING**

TOM PIPER - THE NAME OF GOODNESS



Mr. and Mrs. Ali Baba

By . . .

TRAVIS
INGHAM

Jean studied the relic carefully. "When I was nursing, we called that a basket case—no arms, no legs."

"Sure, right now. But with new arms, rungs, rockers, and a stencil? An antique rocker, worth quite a bit these days."

One of the boys had been burrowing around in the clutter and now emerged clutching a battered bird cage to his breast. At the sight of this object Jean tried to rally.

"Now look, Jerry," she said, "at the moment we're trying to support the four of us plus three cats, two dogs, eight white mice, and a school of goldfish and turtles. I positively draw the line at canaries."

"Me, too, darling," said Jerry agreeably. "But haven't you heard? Bird cages are the very latest thing for ivy. It adds up to the fact that I have stumbled on a way of making a living that's a natural for our set-up here."

"The junk business, perhaps?"

"Antiques."

With that the right rear tyre of the truck blew out.

"Period. New sentence," said a glazed Jean. "Now I have seen everything."

The remark, after a dozen years of Life With Jerry, could hardly be called an exaggeration. The projects on which he had embarked in hope, the jobs he had briefly held were many and varied. Endowed with humor and personality, he had many talents—too many perhaps.

He could draw, he could paint, he could write, and all these things he had tried, not only free-lance but in the business world, for a while. Never quite long enough, never quite hard enough to gain a real success and the assurance that this was what he should do for the rest of his life . . .

"It isn't his fault," Jean told herself often. "Not entirely, it isn't."

There was truth as well as loyalty in this. Out of poverty Jerry's father had risen to wealth with the desire to give his only son all the things he hadn't had. He had done all right, too, until the crash had set him back on his heels and pushed Jerry out into the competitive world, jack of a number of artistic trades, master of none.

Nevertheless he had tried, until the death of his father and the acquisition of a small inheritance had given them a chance to get away from the city, to buy and remodel this place with an idea of taking in summer and winter holiday-makers.

Business had not been brisk, but they had their health, they had the twins; after twelve years of married life they were still in love. They would manage somehow.

"We did it before, we can do it again," said Jerry, and threw himself into the new venture with the tremendous enthusiasm which was part of his charm, part of his lingering adolescence.

Without shame he picked the local dumps, delved into rubbish behind abandoned farmhouses, returning with torn clothes, lacerated flesh, and loads of derelict and frequently fragrant loot. Nothing with the slightest possibility escaped his eager eye, and everything to him had possibilities. Backed into a corner, he could always take refuge in his pet phrase—that the item in question would be very nice for ivy.

Further, he demonstrated. Glistening vegetation began to twine from battered household utensils all over the place, bringing Jean nightmares wherein the creeping vines ganged up on them, like the snakes in the Laocoon Group, throttling them in their sleep.

Please turn to page 40

Every day Jerry returned with another load of exciting loot.

Their motto became: If it's got dust on it, it's junk; if it's got a fancy price on it, then it's an antique

JEAN LANE lay basking in the hot summer sunshine, surrounded by an approving coterie of small domestic animals. In her shorts and boy's shirt she far more resembled a young girl than the mother of ten-year-old twins and a wife of twelve years' standing.

Her emotions, however, were both maternal and adult, as she enjoyed the satisfaction of a wife who has finally persuaded her husband to perform a distasteful and much postponed task.

Ever since they moved into this old brick farmhouse in the hills she had been at Jerry to clean out the shed for a garage. For three years he had promised, and for three years the flotsam and jetsam of their own living had accumulated on top of a century of their predecessors', cramping the building to the eaves.

This morning, however—aided by the fact that Jerry had exhausted all possible excuses, and that his job had folded and he was feeling penitent—Jean had prevailed. Two hours ago the truck had departed for the town dump, and now familiar sounds of distress heralded its return.

As befitted the magnanimous victor, Jean arose from her cushions and advanced to the edge of the verandah, ready to bestow praise where praise was due. But something about the labored approach of the ancient vehicle gave her pause, and as the truck rounded into the drive, preceded by a great plume of steam, her puzzled expression changed to one of dismay.

"Why, he's brought it all back again!" she cried, her eye checking off the horse-hair sofa, the broken chair, the domestic ruin she had fervently hoped never to see again.

She held up a small uncompromising hand. "Stop right there, Jerry Lane!"

Obediently he applied the brakes. He managed a look of disarming innocence as he inquired, "Something wrong, dear?"

"Everything in that truck is wrong," she replied with vigor, "including you, if you think you're going to bring that rubble back here. Take it away at once."

Jerry shut off the motor, disengaged his long legs, and slid out of the car. His shoes were snowy with ashes, his round good-natured face covered with dirt.

"May I explain, darling?" he asked.

"Can you?"

"Easily, if you'll listen."

"I suppose the dump was closed, for the first time in history!"

"On the contrary, the dump was and is open to the birds, the bees, and the man of vision. Seriously, Jean, there's a fortune there, just for the taking. It's positively fantastic the valuable things people throw away." He reached a long arm and brought forth a chair which appeared to have suffered a major amputation. "This, for instance," he said.



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Richard Hudnut HOME WAVING LOTION 22% MORE EFFECTIVE *takes faster - lasts longer*

Amazing electronic sound-wave tests prove that this
lotion leaves the hair springier and stronger.

*It's the
WAVING LOTION
that makes all
the difference!*



Before you give yourself that home permanent—here are some important, exciting facts. Scientists in a leading independent research laboratory* have tested the waving lotion in widely used home permanents and here is what they found:

1. It's the waving lotion that makes all the difference in how fast your home permanent takes, the kind of wave you get, and the condition of your hair after waving . . . regardless of the type of curlers you use.
2. Hair is measurably (22%) springier and stronger after waving with Richard Hudnut Creme Waving Lotion . . . than after waving with other widely used home permanent waving lotions.
3. It's the extra penetration plus the gentler conditioning action of the Richard Hudnut Creme Waving Lotion that gives your hair the kind of wave you wish you were born with . . . stronger, springier, with greater natural sheen.

Not only the waving lotion, but *all* the preparations in the new, improved Richard Hudnut Home Perm Kit are the same type as those found gentlest and best for waving thousands of heads in the famous Richard Hudnut 5th Avenue Salon, New York.

Obtainable at Chemists and leading Department Stores.

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*Name on request.



● American mannequin Margo Price (left), appearing in parades here, wears checked toga and two-piece sheer wool dress by Bonnie Cashin.

● Carmen Dell'Orifice, U.S. model, poses in a Hattie Carnegie suit of yarn dyed flannel with a bib collar (right) worn with a citron blouse, breton sailor hat.

● Linen combined with taffeta, sharply contrasting in beige and black, by Nettie Rosenstein, is worn with distinction by Carmen. Lace hat is by John Fredericks.

● A dramatic ball gown of Venetian print taffeta, left, worn by Margo, and designed by Elizabeth Arden, has a train which loops into the waist.



American line . . .

PERFECTION of styling marks the collection of American model dresses and accessories presented in Australia by the Myer Emporium Ltd., Melbourne and Adelaide, in conjunction with Neiman-Marcus, of Dallas, Texas, through The Australian Women's Weekly. In Sydney the parades will be presented by David Jones Ltd.



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From top reading down:
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Platinum set new styles, in 18ct. white or yellow gold.

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For generations, wise Mothers have known the importance of choosing a laxative that is efficient yet gentle to the delicately organised systems of children. That is why California Syrup of Figs is still as favoured as ever. It is a NATURAL laxative because it is made from the juice of ripe figs with an extract of senna. Calfig contains no synthetic cathartics or harsh chemicals. Children love its delicious flavour and Mother is happy because she knows it cannot harm tiny tummies. Always ask for it by name and insist on having CALFIG.

CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS (CALFIG)

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores

CANBERRA CARILLON

Bells cast in England for war memorial

From HAROLD DYORETSKY, in London

Chimes of one of the finest carillons in the world will ring over Canberra as a memorial to men and women who lost their lives in the second World War.

FAMOUS firm of bell-founders Gillett and Johnston, of Croydon, England, will cast the bells, including the four-and-a-half ton bourdon, a bass bell, the heaviest in the carillon.

This bell will be 77½ inches in diameter. The smaller of the 49 bells that will make up the four-octave carillon will be ten inches in diameter and weigh only 14 pounds.

The carillon, which will cost about £20,000, will take about 12 months to make, but it will be at least two years before the people of Canberra will hear it playing.

It will be housed in a specially constructed tower of the Canberra National War Memorial.

Mr. R. F. A. Housman, veteran consulting engineer of his firm, has been appointed to advise on the construction of the tower and the installation of the carillon.

When the bells are cast they are thicker and sharper in tone than when finished. After a preliminary test they are clamped mouth upwards on a revolving base plate for tuning. In this process lies the real art of bell-founding.

"For some hundreds of years this art was lost to the world, and it was not introduced to England until the nineteenth century," Mr. Housman told me when I interviewed him.

In former times, he said, bell-tuners chipped pieces from the inside of the bell to produce the right tone. To-day the modern lathe does a far better job.

A mixture of tin and copper is used for the bells.

Mr. Housman has suggestions for decorating the Canberra bourdon with a design of Australian flowers.

EXPERT carillonneur operating a small demonstration carillon at the foundry where the Canberra carillon is being made. For our representative he gave an amazing rendition of "Waltzing Matilda."

Through the centuries bell foundry have added decoration to the inscription they cast on their bells.

"It increases their character and adds interest for future generations," Mr. Housman said.

"We like to carry on this tradition despite present-day costs, which prevent detailed treatment of all the bells, apart from simple emblems or symbols; so we select the bass bell to represent the carillon with a specially designed decoration."

Mr. Housman also suggests that the Canberra bells should be named.



TESTING one of the 49 bells of the carillon for Canberra, this modern master of an ancient craft uses a mallet and an outside tuning fork.

When erected in Canberra the carillon will be played by a professional carillonneur on a clavier. If a carillonneur should not be available it can be played with the minimum of practice by any competent pianist.

It also has an electro-pneumatic tune-playing machine for the daily routine playing of simple tunes, operated on much the same principle as a music box.

The Westminster quarters will also be chimed and the hours struck by the same music-box type of mechanism, but controlled by a clock. There will also be a unit, started by a remote control push button, to strike rapid sequences of notes by hand, similar to the changes produced by a band of ringers on ten swinging bells.

The carillon will be the largest yet installed in Australia. There are only two others, one in Bathurst and the other at the University of Sydney.

The Croydon founders made the carillon for the Wellington War Memorial, New Zealand. The bourdon bell in Wellington weighs 5½ tons. It also has 49 bells.

Though this will be the first carillon Gillett and Johnston has installed in Australia, town hall clocks made in another part of their Croydon factory are well known in the Commonwealth.



TIME OFF for "elevenses" at the bell foundry of Gillett and Johnston, in Croydon, London, is spent in one of the bells of the carillon which will ring out over Canberra when it is erected in the tower to be dedicated as a memorial to those who fell in the 1939-45 war.

Seven hats from the one hood

... you can make
them all yourself
for any and every
occasion in the
spring.



● A gaily striped tomato-red ribbon perched on the back of this flattering little sun-shader makes one of the smartest of your seven hats for next to nothing in cost. It's simple to manipulate.



● Tuck the brim into the crown at back to achieve this wide bonnet look, and pin the hat in place. The fruit and leaf trimming is made from straw braid.

★ THESE HATS were designed for the home milliner, with a view to economy, variety, and fashion. No special equipment is required to make them—only your own enterprise, and the hood. The cost depends entirely on yourself. Inexpensive trimmings were used for all these models, but, of course, if you have a fancy for hand-made flowers and such, you will have to pay for them. If when making up the hats you should find the hood needs stiffening, do it with steam from a kettle and hold the brim or crown in position until dry; or use a stiffening fluid. Do not press coarse straws heavily or you will flatten the pattern.



● This is the all-purpose hat for the business woman. Roll the brim into four scrolls and choose the quills carefully for a bright spot of color. For a smart lunch date add a swathe of veiling.

● Sophistication and simplicity are combined in this shady tricorne trimmed with dangling red cherries. You may need to use stiffening or steaming to keep the brim in position.



● Delightful frame for a young face, this is the hood at its most expensive for dressed-up occasions. Blue and pink in tonings, organdie swatches the wide brim.



● No accessories are required for the hood in this sophisticated mood, but great care is needed for the deft curling of the brim. Study your features before beginning.



● You'll feel as dashing as a Spanish senorita in this hat trimmed with dangling ball-fringe and black felt, cut into narrow strips, and held in place by a wider band around the crown. Fold the brim at the back for shaping.

Best for whites...best for coloureds

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Buy 2 packets
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LAUNDRY . . .
ONE FOR THE
KITCHEN



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Shop windows in Paris boost love

From ROLAND PULLEN in Paris

● "Homage to Love" is the theme 400 luxury shops in one Paris street have taken to decorate their windows for the Paris season.

RACING season is linked with the theme "Homage to Love," by the House of Hermes, accessory specialists in Paris, which shows in its window two race-horses elegantly clad in velvet and silks making love in front of a huge silk shell.

EVERY year shopkeepers in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honore choose a single theme for window decoration.

Hundreds of ingenious artists and window-dressers get to work months before the season opens vying with one another in creating original, amusing, and beautiful window displays.

One of the chief attractions for thousands of tourists and Parisians during the season now in full swing are these windows in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honore. Tourists spend hours wandering from one end of the gaily decorated street, which stretches from the Arc de Triomphe to the Madeleine.

It all started in 1934 when the theme chosen was French history.

Themes in other years have been "The Street of Legends," "A Tour Around the World," "Night Life," "The Seven Deadly Sins." Last year "The Fables of La Fontaine" captured the imagination of tourists more than any other previous display.

Scores of Paris' best-known luxury shops are found in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honore. Each tries to blend its own wares with the chosen theme.

The originality in treatment of this season's theme, "Homage to Love," is often startling. Some of the designers prefer classical and biblical love subjects such as "Romeo and Juliet," "Penelope and Ulysses," and "Adam and Eve."

Other houses give surrealists and abstractionists a free hand, and sightseers are often bewildered by their efforts.

The window displays are illuminated all night, when they are as big an attraction as in the daytime.



COSMETIC MAKER Rubinstein has this display, "Black Love," based on the Cheyney mystery novel, "I am a Great Sentimentalist," also "Rose Love," from Fragonard painting. (Below): Florist Jean-Claude's display of the tragic Ophelia, in "Hamlet."



FASHION HOUSE of Jeanne Lanvin calls this display of dolls and tulle cabbage "Maternal Love."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 5, 1950

You look smarter,
slimmer, in this
HI-LINE
CORSET

Here's a clever way to be little your waist!
Merica's Hi-Line corset has an *adjustable* waistband to smooth and mould your waistline and trim-lines to slenderize hips and tummy. For the medium-full figure the Hi-Line is perfect taking off inches where you need it most. Ask to see this Hi-Line at any good store.

CREATED BY **Merica**

NEW!...a cream deodorant

which safely **STOPS**
under-arm **PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odors from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of an international institute of laundering for being harmless to fabric.



ARRID THE LARGEST
SELLING
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Fit and
fascinating?

Of course she is!

She has a wise head on her young shoulders and a lot of good sense behind those sparkling eyes. For fitness and freedom from everyday ills her answer is simple and inexpensive—she takes Beecham's Pills, the superior laxative.

Box of 40 pills, 1/3; 120 pills, 3/-

Wise woman—she takes

Beecham's Pills

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Be your own Interior Decorator



Choose the paint to suit the job! There is a specialised Sterling Paint for every household decorating purpose. See them at any reliable hardware store.

Such a big change for such a small cost!

It's amazing how you can beautify your home room by room — with colour. The secret is to start off with the right paints. Furniture, walls, woodwork and floors sparkle with colour and beauty when you use specialised Sterling Paints. For less than the cost of a new frock you can transform your kitchen, glamourise your spare room, modernise your bathroom. Simply decide on a colour scheme and then buy the correct Sterling Paint for the job. There's Sterling Rayflex for a brilliant, hardwearing finish for any surface, inside or out; Sterling Hometone, for walls and ceilings; Sterling Paving Paint for floors and paths; Sterling One Hour Enamel, for woodwork and furniture, and for exterior painting, Sterling Prepared Paint. Start with Sterling and you'll have good reason to be proud of your interior decorating.

INTERESTED IN DECORATING YOUR HOME? Then send now for illustrated literature, painting specification chart and colour cards to Sterling Paint & Varnish Co. Pty. Ltd., Alexandria, Sydney. Preston, Melbourne. South Brisbane. Torrensville. Adelaide. Latrobe, Tasmania.



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£1,000,000 PLANT PRENTS OUR NEW PAPER



NEW PLANT, where our paper is now produced on the most up-to-date rotogravure machinery in the southern hemisphere, installed at a cost of £1,000,000.

More color and rotogravure, exciting new features begin in next week's issue



NEW EDITOR of The Australian Women's Weekly, Mrs. Esme Fenston, who has been with the paper since 1938.

Next week The Australian Women's Weekly comes to its readers in a dramatic new form. This change is the biggest milestone in the paper's history and coincides with the appointment of a new editor, Mrs. Esme Fenston.

We publish the paper we have dreamed about and planned for years—the largest issue of The Australian Women's Weekly ever printed, with 30 pages in color.

To achieve this, we have installed the biggest and most up-to-date rotogravure plant in the southern hemisphere at a cost of £1,000,000.

THE new plant enables us to give you double the number of pages in vivid rotogravure, so that the paper's new dress has all the glamor and richness of a Paris model.

As well, it allows for inclusion of even late news, thus providing enhancement of the topicality that has always been one of the paper's great attractions.

The Australian Women's Weekly has always recognised that women

are interested in many things outside the kitchen and the boudoir.

We know that women want reports from the Korean war front as well as from the Paris dress shows. Our new paper will continue to take that view of women's news.

Our plans for an all-rotogravure paper were drawn up years ago, but had to be postponed because of the war.

Currency difficulties and shortage of labor and materials necessitated further postponement.

The new plant is housed in a former aircraft factory, to which extensive additions and alterations have been made.

Presentation of our new paper coincides with a change in editorship of The Australian Women's Weekly.

The new Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly is Mrs. Esme Fenston.

Mrs. Fenston has had 20 years' experience in journalism, including every phase of women's magazine work.

She went into newspaper work after leaving school, and spent five years in daily journalism. Afterwards she resigned to be married.

Returning to journalism, she spent two years on "The Land" newspaper, where she gained a valuable knowledge of the life and problems of the country woman, and then for five years she worked at the "Sydney Morning Herald."

She has been Chief of Staff of The Australian Women's Weekly for the past five years. She replaced Mrs. Alice Jackson as Editor some two months ago, and has had the responsibility of planning this new and bigger Australian Women's Weekly.

As a married woman who combines her career with looking after a husband and a home, Mrs. Fenston



COVER of next week's paper, the first issue of The Australian Women's Weekly printed on our new plant.

talks the same language as the thousands of women who read The Australian Women's Weekly, shares their interests, and understands their problems.

The new paper devotes much more space to fiction and includes a number of new features.

We are proud to present as the first serial in our new paper "A Town Like Alice," by the British author, Nevil Shute, who wrote the book after his first visit here and will shortly arrive in Australia with his family to settle here.

The fiction is presented with superb illustrations, all by Australian artists on our staff.

As well as the serial and several short stories, we will publish a series of outstanding novels by top-flight authors, each of the novels in four large weekly instalments.

The first of these is "Hear This Woman," by Ben and Ann Pinchot—an outstanding novel.

The additional color pages make it possible to present news events each week in color.

Our first news color pages will be devoted to Stratford-Upon-Avon and its tremendously successful Shakespeare season.

Additional color pages will cover fashion from the three great dress centres of the world—Paris, London, and New York—and in succeeding issues will give additional film pages and pages on beauty care in color.

The Homemaker Section has been enlarged and will cover cookery, interior decoration and house plans, gardening, needlework, and mothercraft.

Several new features are being introduced and more will be added as we progress to an even bigger paper. One of these is "Family Affairs," which will deal every week with different aspects of family life—bringing up children, family quarrels, genius in the family, temperamental husbands, education.

Another is a weekly romance feature. The first of these is a guide to young girls on how to avoid ruining their chances of becoming engaged to the man of their choice.

A weekly Book Review is another of our new features.

The paper will continue to present a fresh angle on news of the day in pictures and stories by staff reporters and foreign correspondents.

All the other features that have helped to establish the paper's circulation of the largest weekly paper sale in Australia will continue to appear—Dorothy Drain's column "It Seems to Me," Film Reviews, Carolyn Earle's beauty care, Worth Reporting, Famous Women, Mandrake, Teena, Hazel, Butch, Rivets.

And the comic strip for children, "Wuff, Tuff, and Smuff," a casualty in recent years owing to newspaper cuts, makes a welcome reappearance.



NEVIL SHUTE, author of our serial, "A Town Like Alice," which begins next week, with his wife and daughter.

Editorial

AUGUST 5, 1950

BETTER FOOTWEAR

THE Victorian Government has proclaimed the Branding of Footwear Act, designed to reveal manufacturers of inferior shoes and stamp out shoddy footwear.

All States have agreed to proclaim similar regulations.

Inferior boots and shoes are a constant worry to the mother trying to keep her family well shod, and to the business girl who wants smart shoes but also wants to keep her feet warm and dry in an unheated office.

Some footwear is not only so inferior that it falls apart after a few wears, but is also too costly. The pre-war family economy of passing on boots from an older child to a younger one is no longer possible.

The housewife with her heavy string bag, trudging on aching feet, might well stage a sit-down strike on the doorsteps of manufacturers who turn out shoddy, badly finished footwear.

Perhaps the worst threat to family good humor is mother in an irritable mood because "her feet hurt."

Shoe manufacturers and retailers have their problems, too. Inadequate supplies and delays in delivery mean loss of customers.

The honest manufacturer wages constant battle against suppliers of inferior raw materials, and is still trying to build up stocks reduced in number and in skilled craftsmanship by the war.

Housewives can help to raise the standard of footwear by refusing to consider shoddy goods, and buying only the products of reputable firms, even if it means fewer shoes and more resoling of the family's old ones.

PEPITA: Dancer who loved a diplomat

THE liaison between the half-gipsy Spanish dancer, Pepita, "the star of Andalusia," and the diplomat son of an English earl was for almost 20 years the scandal of the Victorian diplomatic world.

At least ten years after they had become lovers, and after Pepita had borne him three of their six children, Lionel Sackville-West was locked in a room for three days by the English consul at Malaga, so that he would not wreck his career by going through a bigamous marriage with his dancer.

For, when she was 21, in 1851, Pepita, considered too poor a dancer to be engaged by the Teatro del Principe, Madrid, had married her young dancing master, Juan Oliva.

An engagement at the Principe had been the reason that Catalina, Pepita's ambitious, lowly-born mother, had brought her lover, Manuel Lopez, and her daughter from the Andalusian provinces to the city. Mystery surrounds the birth of Pepita. She was officially the daughter of a barber, Pedro Duran, but the Spaniards gave wide currency to a far more romantic story concerning her birth.

Her father, it was said, was the fabulous Duke of Osuna, a descendant of the Spanish Borgias. He handled no money except gold, disdained to receive change, and could travel by coach from Madrid to Warsaw sleeping each night in his own houses.

Liveried servants in each house kept ready lighted fires, candles, and meals lest the Duke should arrive unannounced.

Pepita's mother, Catalina, in her gipsy youth had been a circus performer, jumping through paper hoops. For a while she had captured the Duke's fancy. Pepita is the Spanish colloquial diminutive for Josefa. Her registered name was Josefa Duran.

When the trio from the provinces first visited Antonio Ruiz, director of the Teatro del Principe Ballet, he remarked on "the obviously inferior origin" of the mother and the unmistakable superiority of her daughter.

Impressed by Pepita's outstanding beauty, the ballet director gave her a contract, and it was arranged for Oliva, a member of his company, to give her lessons.

Pepita failed to reach the standard required and her contract was cancelled. Oliva, madly in love with his pupil, broke his own contract, and took to accompanying the raffish Catalina and her lover on their peddling expeditions. Their wares were secondhand clothes.

Acquaintances said that Pepita seemed to take special care that Lopez should not be thought her father, although he lived with her and her mother in their cheap basement apartment.

FAMOUS WOMEN

She always called him Don Manuel and said that her own father was dead.

If her dancing was never more than average (and this appears to have been so), Pepita's beauty at least was unforgettable.

There are too many instances of its effect on both men and women for this to have been popular exaggeration.

Her sister-in-law, who, loyal to Oliva, had no reason to love the Star of Andalusia, said, "Her eyes were large, black, and almond shaped . . . her way of looking at one very seductive and agreeable . . . she had small feet, and dimpled chin, and pretty ears . . . her hair was black and very shiny."

Later in her career, in Germany, delirious audiences demanded that she let her hair down on the stage. They could not believe it was real.

After their marriage Pepita and Oliva, accompanied by her family, left Madrid on what was to have been a joint dancing tour of Spain.

For reasons that have never been made clear, husband and wife remained together for less than three months. Their separation is generally attributed to the scheming and interfering Catalina.

At all events, when he returned alone to Madrid, Oliva refused to discuss the matter at all, simply saying that "it was one of those questions which sometimes arise between a man and his wife on account of the mother-in-law."

Almost immediately Pepita's

Granddaughter wrote story of Spanish dancer's liaison with English aristocrat

career began the ascent which in the space of two years was to make her the darling of Europe. She appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, in 1852.

By that time she had parted company with Catalina and Lopez, who were then living in splendor on her generous allowance in the little Spanish village of Albolote.

There were horses, carriages, several servants, a French maid for Catalina, and a German governess for Lopez's small daughter, who, somewhat strangely (Catalina not being her mother), lived in the fantastic household.

Catalina entertained the townspeople with ceaseless soirées of "My Pepita," "My daughter, the famous ballerina."

A woman so valuable in her confidences soon told the whole village Pepita's private life. On the subject of Pepita's rich and distinguished lovers she was outspoken.

But she did not know—for Pepita kept secret her one deep love—of Lionel Sackville-West, the young



PEPITA in her youth. In whatever style she dressed her black hair she always wore the little side ringlet, called in Spanish a "vortijilla."

English attaché at Stuttgart, Germany.

The fifth son of the fifth Earl de la Warr, he and Pepita met in Paris and became lovers at once.

She was inimitably beautiful, and he, with a most undiplomatic lack of caution, arranged an engagement for her at the Stuttgart Theatre. When this ended Pepita danced in other German cities, the reckless young attaché meeting her when he could.

The high-handed, hot-tempered Star of Andalusia and the reserved, conventionally educated son of the English aristocracy continued madly in love.

In 1855, Pepita paid a visit to her mother. She arrived, accompanied by two poodles, "dogs of foreign breed with woolly hair called Primie and Charlie," an enormous amount of jewellery, golden slippers, and dresses shorter in front "to show her feet."

Pepita stayed some months with her family, then left for Berlin, where Lionel was awaiting her, as well as professional engagements for another season.

With that gipsy blood in her, Pepita was no easy woman to hold. Lionel belonged to a world unknown to the former Andalusian village beauty.

She loved Sackville-West with a deep and abiding love. But she was not faithful to him. To Pepita—warm-hearted, open-handed, and undisciplined—love and faithfulness were not the same thing.

"I was in Berlin," Sackville-West wrote later, "and I heard that Pepita was living with Prince Yousouppoff at Munich. I meant to quarrel with Yousouppoff, but was prevailed upon by my old servant

. . . I wrote to Pepita, expostulating with her on her conduct. She answered me by letter, begging me not to come to Marienbad to make trouble, saying that she was going to leave Yousouppoff, which she did."

It is evident that Sackville-West forgave Pepita, for they continued their love affair, meeting whenever her dancing engagements allowed.

Pepita must have loved him for himself alone, for he made no attempt to introduce her to his friends and kept his professional life strictly apart.

None the less, in continuing his liaison with Pepita, Lionel Sackville-West was risking the ruin of a promising diplomatic career. Strait-laced Victorian diplomacy took a serious view of young attaches who flouted convention.

When Pepita found she was going to bear Lionel a child she returned to her family in Spain.

The child was a son, born in 1853, the first of Lionel and Pepita's six children. His Royal Highness, Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria, father of the Emperor of Austria, stood sponsor by proxy at the christening.

When Catalina boasted that the baby's father was the Emperor of Germany, Pepita, still keeping her secret, let her do so.

The child was named Maximilian, Leon Jose Manuel Enrique Bernadino, and registered as the son of Pepita and Oliva. He was known as Max.

Soon after Max's birth, Pepita, the baby, and a Spanish nurse joined Sackville-West in Germany.

The lovers began to lead an almost domestic existence. They established a home, sharing expenses, Pepita paying the wages to cook, nurse, and housemaids, Lionel the household bills.

Then Sackville-West was appointed secretary to the Legation at Turin, and Pepita moved to Italy. The same domestic existence continued.

Pepita was known only as the Spanish dancer who was the mistress of the Legation secretary. Lionel, it was noted, never went into society like other members of the diplomatic set, or paid calls.

The lovers continued to live in their world of romance, spending money extravagantly and renting villas as the mood took them.

Catalina learnt of Sackville-West's existence, and was struck with the idea of the notability of Lionel Sackville-West as a husband for Pepita.

Continued on page 22

FILM STAR IS NO BEAUTY

AT 19, Cecile Aubry, a French girl who looks like a child and speaks like a child, has been in two films—and has starred in both of them.

You may see her on the screen in September. She co-stars with Tyrone Power in the technicolor film "The Black Rose."

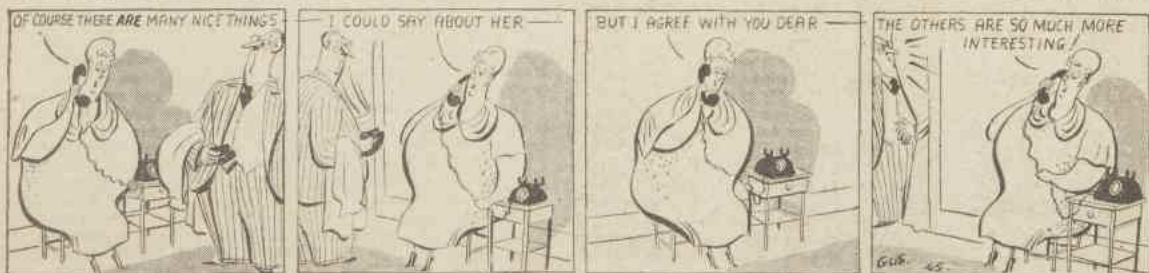
She's not a great actress. She had only two months' experience in dramatic school when she was chosen for her first film.

And some judges say she's not beautiful. Even her studio confesses that it thumbed through photographs of her without much interest, then did a quick double-take and cast her without a screen test.

Why, then, did it star this unknown opposite Tyrone Power? Says her studio, "Once you've seen her, you'll never forget her. She has something far more subtle and challenging than beauty or personality."

You can judge for yourself from a big natural-color picture in A.M. for August, now on sale. A.M. is the magazine for men and women. And the price is only 1/-.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By GUS



ALPINE CLUB members Gwen Muir and Bill Hogue get ready for ski run together from Chalet. Attractive Gwen wears bright red sweater, bright blue ski pants, and gay knitted gloves.



YOUNG SKIERS set out from the Chalet, Kosciuszko, for a run on Mount Guthrie. Left to right: Paul Swain, Diane Fuller, Pat Fuller, Warwick MacPhee. Diane and Pat recently returned from trip abroad.

Totting from Kosciuszko

WARM sunshine every day and cosy log fires at night for opening of Kosciuszko Alpine Club's two weeks' season at the Chalet, Charlotte Pass.

Skiers have healthy sun-tan to go with bright snow fashions. Gay social programme gets into swing with club's Sunday cocktail party to welcome new members, and dance in clubroom on following Tuesday evening. Girls wear vivid sweaters with slacks or skirts, men compete with tartan shirts or Fair Isle sweaters. Dancers enjoy informal atmosphere, with music of piano-accordion supplied by attractive ski-instructor Patsy Byrd.

POPULAR innovation at Chalet is buffet luncheon served outside. After drink at "snow bar," skiers gather in sunshine at long tables loaded with whole ham, salads, desserts, and home-made cakes to satisfy appetites sharpened by mountain air. Staff in ski-clothes serve food and piping hot coffee.

ACCESSORIES are highlights of snow fashions this season. Much admiration for pretty things which sisters Pat and Diane Fuller wear. Pat's crocus-yellow loose ski-jacket of proofed poplin is from Switzerland, and has rich peasant embroidery on front. Also from Switzerland is her grey fur head-band with ear muffs. As after-snow fashion Pat has original Parisian belt of heavy gold links to go with cosy woollens. Attached is medallion in form of Maltese cross. Diane wears long link necklace from Paris, with medallion bearing head of Nordic warrior.



COUNTRY VISITORS at Chalet. Dr. Rob Arnheim (left), of Parkes, Bob Walton-Smith, of Bumberry, Mrs. Walton-Smith, Mrs. Arnheim.



AFTER SKI PARTY at Chalet. Dudley Ross (left), of Holbrook, Pat Blacklock, Dick Toppin, Peggy Warren, Christine Watson, and Rob Long, of Moree.



SNACK IN THE SUN. Alpine Club members Mr. and Mrs. John Scharrer with Paul Reader (right) sit on skis to eat quick meal before ski run at Charlotte Pass.



PAUSE FOR A BEER. Pretty Pamela Davidson sips a beer between ski runs with Sydney Alpine Club member Harry Hart.



MELBOURNE VISITORS Dr. and Mrs. John Devine on skis before they left the Chalet, Charlotte Pass, to return home. Mrs. Devine was formerly Miss Agatha O'Loughlin, Australian Women's Slalom Champion.



SNOW DOG. Attractive Peggy Warren shares her lunch with Zuki, pet husky dog of Chalet, Charlotte Pass.

EVEN expert skiers welcome ski lift for easy trip to top of Pulpit Rock, where ski champion Patsy Byrd coaches on upper slopes with Swiss instructor Rudi Wurth. Rudi turns on breath-taking exhibition of ski jumping over rocks for admiring Chalet guests. The Bob Lonergans, of Mudgee, are among expert skiers who use ski lift regularly.

COUNTRY visitors Dr. and Mrs. Rob Arnheim, of Parkes, Dudley Ross, of Aberfeldy, Holbrook, and the Bob Walton-Smiths, of Glenree, Bumberry, form "bush-whackers" group for pre-dinner drink at Chalet in evening. Rob Long, of Moree, is at Chalet with party, which includes his fiancée, Christine Watson.

ONLY visitor from Tasmania at Chalet is handsome Englishman Lieutenant Robin Mills, R.N., aide-de-camp to Governor of Tasmania, Sir Hugh Binning. From Canberra is attractive Olive Douglas, personal secretary to Governor-General W. J. McKell.

GAY birthday parties during week for Alpine Club members Marjorie Moran and Bill Hogue. Popular lass Marjorie gives cocktail party for friends in clubroom to celebrate her birthday. Bill entertains at pre-luncheon party for his birthday. The ashare cake which Mrs. Dick Toppin sends up to Chalet by husband, Dick.

THE hardy type! Attractive Micky Southwell-Keely surprises room-mates Kathleen and Joan Nowland by taking cold shower every morning. They say it makes them shiver to think of it, but Micky likes it! She has becoming sun-tan acquired on trips to Main Range, and looks specially healthy.

RESIDENT doctor, Peter Harvey, is kept busy treating minor skiing casualties during week. Latest victim is young dentist Ron Esdale, from Port Kembla, who has misfortune to break ankle. Fellow club members commiserate with Ron, and give him big send-off when he leaves in snowmobile for Cooma Hospital.

MAHOGANY tan is envied on hardy Alpine Club members, who ski twenty miles with heavy packs, over range from Alpine Hut, to join friends at Bett's Camp. Dr. Justin Markell, George McGilvray, Jim Baldock, and Ken Breakspear call at Chalet on way for hot soup in ski-room. Marcia Parle, who is visiting Chalet from Bett's Camp, joins them for remainder of trip.

MUCH speculation about weather as snow threatens to become glum after four successive sunny days. Alpine Club members hope for heavy fall of snow before club championships on week-end. Skiers train enthusiastically for Stillwell and Richards Cups on Sunday. Stillwell trophy is for men, Richards for women, but course is the same for both sexes, who run from top of Mount Stillwell.

PRETTY air-hostess Beryl Thomas says skiing is next to flying for thrills. She does plenty of both. She visits Kosciuszko every year, works with interstate airline. Next year she hopes to join international airline company, plans ski holiday in Switzerland and Austria. Beryl wears vivid cyclamen scarves with black ski-trousers and white wind-jacket, to suit her coloring—blue eyes, dark hair.

Anne

URGENT: TO HOLDERS OF
COMMONWEALTH 4% SECURITIES ISSUED IN AUGUST, 1931,
MATURING IN AUGUST, 1950, OR 3½% SECURITIES
ISSUED IN MARCH, 1940, AND MATURING IN AUGUST, 1950-56

These securities mature on August 15, 1950

IMMEDIATE ACTION NEEDED
TO PREVENT INTERRUPTION TO YOUR INTEREST PAYMENTS

If you hold Bonds or Inscribed Stock in either of the maturing issues identified above, you can prevent any interruption to the interest they earn by converting them into Tenth Security Loan Bonds or Inscribed Stock at once. (Attention is directed specially to the fact that the 3½% Securities issued in March, 1940, will be redeemed on August 15, 1950, instead of August 15, 1956, the Treasurer having exercised his option in that regard. It is important to note that the 3½% Securities due 1950-56 must be converted now or redeemed.) All the information you need about the conversion of your maturing Securities is given in the columns below this announcement. Study these directions now.

Convert

YOUR MATURING COMMONWEALTH SECURITIES INTO THE

Tenth Security Loan

New Issues

AVAILABLE TO CASH INVESTORS

Intended primarily to give holders of maturing Commonwealth Securities the opportunity to renew their investment, the Tenth Security Loan also provides for the acceptance of new cash. It therefore gives Australia's savers—everyone with £10 or more available—the opportunity to share the many advantages offered. Early application is advisable. See columns below for full information about this Loan and how to invest.

These Commonwealth issues mature on 15th August, 1950.

(1) 3½% Bonds and Inscribed Stock issued in March, 1940. (It should be specially noted that the maturity date shown on these Securities is 15th August, 1950-56, but the Treasurer has exercised his option to redeem these Securities on 15th August, 1950, and they are now due for redemption or conversion on that date.)

(2) 4% Bonds and Inscribed Stock issued in August, 1931, and maturing in August, 1950.

If you have lodged with your bank for safe custody more than £10 worth of any of the Securities listed above, you should have received a conversion application form. If you have not received such a form, check the maturity

dates of your Securities in one of the following ways:

1. If your Bonds are in your possession: Look at them at once and compare the rates and maturity dates printed at the top with those indicated above.

2. If you lodged your Bonds with your bank for safe-keeping: Most banks have a receipt or acknowledgment for Bonds left with them for safe custody. If you hold any such receipts, compare the maturity dates with those listed above.

3. If you cannot discover maturity dates: Go to your bank and ask whether any of the Securities listed above are held on your behalf.

If you find that your Securities are about to mature ask your bank or stockbroker for an application form for conversion into the Tenth

Security Loan. Fill in one form for each series of Bonds or Stock maturing (new 2½% Securities are for £1,000 and multiples only) and hand it back. You will then possess Tenth Security Loan Bonds or Inscribed Stock of the same value as your maturing Securities.

As well as those with maturing Securities to convert, everyone may buy Bonds (£10, £50, £100, £500, or £1,000) or Inscribed Stock through any Bank, Savings Bank, Money Order Post Office, or Stockbroker.

Interest is payable each six months at 3½% per annum for 11-14 years or at 2½% per annum for three years. (Investment in 2½% Securities must be for £1,000 and multiples thereof.)

10SL7.143.70.



ELIZABETH GOODMAN (left) and Barbara St. Ledger (Barbara Smith), young Sydney actresses, both appearing for first time in melodrama, with producer and author of the melodrama, Tod Slaughter, who plays the name role of "Spring-Heeled Jack."

Sydney girls' leading roles in London play

From Marcia Pickard, in London

Two young Sydney actresses, Barbara St. Ledger and Elizabeth Goodman, have just made their debut on the London stage in the melodrama "Spring-Heeled Jack" or "The Terror of Epping Forest."

They play leading roles opposite London's master of melodrama, Tod Slaughter, author and producer of the play.

TOD, himself in variety for 50 years, plays the horrifying title role of Spring-Heeled Jack, mysterious blood sucker.

"Spring-Heeled Jack" is one of 22 melodramas Tod Slaughter has written (he has played in nearly 350). He had such success with the play in television early in the year that he decided to revive it for a six weeks' tour of London variety theatres.

Its second week opened in the 80-year-old Metropolitan Theatre of Varieties in the Edgware Road.

The theatre is a relic of the days of music hall glory. It rises amid the odors of fish and chips, hamburgers, coffee, and raw fish, which are Edgware Road's own particular smells.

Twice a night for a week at Brixton and a week at Edgware Road, with a 10-minute break between performances, Elizabeth has been a tragic little figure bravely believing in her wrongly accused lover, Captain Bertram Wraydon.

This young man with out-thrust chin, noble brow, fine eyes, and all the accepted attributes of a hero of melodrama has only one idea in mind—to prove his "innocence."

In this set-up Tod Slaughter is in his element. His maniacal laughter is particularly suited to his role of the wicked, lunatic brother.

Barbara, who has a knack for changing her expressions—rolling her large eyes, twisting her mouth into grotesque shapes—has been the sharp-witted Rose who fell foul of Spring-Heeled Jack.

Playing to packed houses, the girls were in constant dread that tomatoes or eggs intended for the villain might fly their way. The melodrama is so gripping that even a staid audience is inclined to forget itself, and excitement runs high.

Usually everyone in the theatre has accepted the programme's invitation to "come and cheer the hero and hiss the villain."

After their first night at the Edgware Road "Met" I went backstage to see Barbara and Elizabeth.

Two large mirrors, framed in scrolled iron, yellowed and spotted with age, dominated the dressing-room. Outside in the narrow passage a caged gas jet flickered.

"That gas jet reminds me of when I played in 'Gaslight' with Michael Pate at the Kurling Theatre Guild," Barbara said.

Elizabeth and Barbara first met in Sydney at the Kurling Theatre Guild, where they gained their first acting experience. Barbara, who is really Barbara Smith, formerly of Killara, came to England two years ago with her sister Shirley, both ambitious to succeed on the stage.

Shirley won a place at the Old Vic Theatre School, and this week wound up her performance in Beaumont and Fletcher's "A Maid's Tragedy."

In this performance she played the lead with Australian Keith Michell and New Zealander Graham Alfright.

Barbara, whose stage name is still new, has just finished 18 months' solid training at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. She is 23, very slim, very vivacious. She went to school at N.E.G.S., Armidale, N.S.W., and is an Arts graduate of Sydney University.

Elizabeth landed in England only five weeks ago in the Otranto. She is living with Shirley and Barbara, and is sharing with them the trials of writing letters and applying for jobs. This week she is right on top with excitement, having been accepted by the B.B.C. features service.

For a 21-year-old Elizabeth has had quite a lot of acting experience. Her last stage role before leaving Sydney was in "The Inspector General" at the Independent. She played in the Minerva's Christmas pantomime, "A Kiss for Cinderella." She has played in commercial radio shows as well as for the A.B.C.

TOP BILLING ON BROADWAY

U.S. stage and television success for ventriloquist

New Australian star on Broadway is ventriloquist Clifford Guest, well known to his fellow countrymen from his appearances at Tivoli theatres.

As his name went up in lights on Broadway for the first time among the names of world celebrities, the new star from Melbourne watched nervously.

THE good-looking 37-year-old ventriloquist, who comes from North Carlton, Melbourne, has a principal's billing in the much heralded Michael Todd "Peep Show." It opened with "rave" reviews in Philadelphia and went on to Broadway a few weeks later.

Mr. Guest, who makes two individual appearances in the show, also stars in a cynical skit on T. S. Eliot's free verse play—"The Cocktail Party."

After being in the United States only a little more than two years, Mr. Guest has a special citation signed—"H. S. Truman, President," after a command performance he gave at the White House Press correspondents' dinner this year.

And he has pulled down as much as 1000 dollars for a 12-minute appearance on television with such stars as Melvyn Douglas, J. Carrol Nash, Jules Munchen, Morton Downey, and Peter Lynn Hayes.

Cliff, whose success in the United States has done anything but go to his head, is about as modest a top-billing star as one could find.

"I don't think there's any special reason for it all. I suppose I've just been lucky," he told me.

His "luck" has earned him bookings at such exclusive night spots as the Persian Room, in New York's swanky Plaza Hotel; the Palmer House, in Chicago; and the famous El Rancho night-club, at Las Vegas (Nevada).

Television Survey, in the trade paper "Radio Daily," recently rated him the third-best ventriloquist in the United States. It gave top-spot to Edgar Bergen.

Cliff and his lovely young Australian wife, Dana, who was known on the Australian stage as the "fiddling-tap dancing" member of a four-sister act—The Four Kellys—have their United States home at Sturges (Michigan).

The Guests bought a small house there, and have had it completely remodelled, including a bathroom with a step-down bath.

Oddly enough, Cliff's success story

is, in a way, almost overshadowed by that of his sister-in-law, Wiki Kelly, who, during a visit to Dana, met and married one of the wealthiest men in Sturges, "Bud" Horter, a well-known manufacturer.

Wiki lives in a luxurious home with a private lake. Bernice, a third sister, is currently visiting the Guests. The fourth, Leonie, is a well-known Queensland violinist.

Despite his Sturges home and a brand-new convertible, the Guests have no intention of remaining in the States.

"Everyone seems to think that the 'Peep Show' will run for a year at least, and as soon as that's over, it's going to be home for me. And I don't mean Sturges."

"We'll sell the house. We just settled there because we wanted to get our daughter Robin, who is seven, out of New York, and it seemed a convenient spot for me to operate from. My engagements have

By LLOYD CLARKE, of our New York staff

taken me to 18 States, so I tried to pick a place that was pretty centrally located."

Cliff laughs when you ask him how a young man discovers that he's going to be a ventriloquist.

"I think it was pretty much of an accident in my case," he said. "I began my working career as an apprentice in a sheet-metal working concern in Melbourne, but I can't say I ever liked it much."

"I first got interested in ventriloquism more or less as a school-boy hobby. My mother gave me a book about it, and I was surprised to find that I just sort of had the knack.



AUSTRALIAN ventriloquist Clifford Guest, who has star billing on Broadway in "Peep Show," with his dummy, Lester, who gets a great reception.

"I put in a lot of work carefully exercising my voice control, and when I was getting near 20 I decided I'd had the metal-working business, and took a chance as a straight juvenile with a road company touring Victoria."

"I worked hard on my ventriloquism, and polished up a number of routines with a dummy I call Lester."

Lester is still part of the act, but the critics have given Cliff their highest praise for the manner in which he is able to control his voice.

One highlight of his act with "Lester" has the dummy's muffled voice coming from a suitcase as Cliff prepares to leave the stage. In answer to the dummy's protests, Cliff opens the case, and, without any visible movement of his mouth, the dummy shrieks angrily.

The voice rises and falls as Cliff opens and shuts the suitcase lid, trying to put the apparently struggling little fellow away. It never fails to bring the house down.

Even more impressive is his act without the dummy in which, without the aid of any mechanical device, he takes the audience along on a fox-hunt, complete with thundering hoofs, baying hounds, and the shouts of the huntsmen. The galloping hoofs even change tone as the horses pound over a wooden bridge.

Cliff says he wouldn't be pulling in the "big-time dough" in the United States if Australian producers hadn't "plain decided I didn't have much of an act."

"That was back in 1937," he said. "I just didn't seem to be able to get much of a go, and I decided to save up my money and try my luck in England."

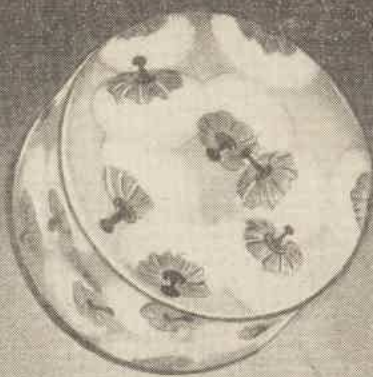
"I did pretty well right off the bat. I just seemed to strike it. I got along well with English vaudeville audiences, and before I knew it I was being asked to accept a booking for the Tivoli circuit back home—right where I'd come from."

"I went back to Australia, and was pretty browned-off when I found myself being billed as an English star."

"When the war broke out I tried to enlist in the Australian Army, but was rejected on medical grounds. Like most other artists, I spent most of the war years playing Army camps all over the place, but as soon as it was over and travel was possible, I decided I'd like to go to Des Moines (Iowa), where I had some relatives."

"Originally I didn't have much thought about working here, but I did a couple of charity shows, and agents got on to me, and here I am. Just luck, you see."

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No other powder is made in a choice of 5 great perfumes.

And to get the last touch of perfection from your AirSpun Powder, use Sub-Tint Base, another unique Coty invention.



SISTERS. Bernice Kelly, Wiki Horter, and Dana Guest, wife of Clifford Guest, at the Guests' home at Sturges, Michigan, U.S. All were dancers on the Australian stage, where they appeared in acts with another sister.

PEPITA . . . Continued from page 18

SHE offered her son Diego "some thousands of dollars" if he would go to Madrid and kill her son-in-law. Luckily all he did was to warn Olivia's family of Catalina's proposal.

Actually poor Olivia had at one time considered freeing himself of Pepita, but the many technicalities involved would, it was explained, cost a lot of money. Olivia did not have that, and let the matter drop. He continued his unofficial association with another dancer, calling her, friends noted, Pepa.

The recklessly extravagant Pepita remained loyal to her rascalion relatives. She continued to support Catalina and Lopez in luxury, was generous with financial help to anyone who asked for it, and even from time to time had members of her family to stay.

What Lionel Sackville-West, with his strict upbringing, can have thought of these Spanish unofficial relatives can only be guessed.

Pepita's second child, a girl, Victoria Josepha Dolores Catalina, was born in 1862. On the baptismal register she is described as the daughter of Josefa Duran and of an unknown father. Pepita had somewhat quaintly thought to honor the Queen of England in the naming of her child.

Things did not go smoothly during the two years following the birth of her second child.

In her book "Pepita," Victoria Sackville-West, the dancer's granddaughter, says there undoubtedly was a break, because in 1864 Lionel received a telegram from his German banker saying that Pepita was ill.

She quotes Lionel Sackville-West: "I left Turin and went to Baden Baden, where she had gone with

VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST'S story of her grandmother is told in "Pepita," published in 1947, and available in circulating libraries.

Max and Victoria . . . She told me she had been living with someone else, but who he was I never could find out."

He adds, "I became reconciled with her and shortly afterwards she joined me at Turin."

When another daughter was born in 1866 and died at the age of seven months, Pepita and Lionel came together never to part again. Neither, it is clear, could live for any time without the other.

Pepita gave up her dancing and devoted herself to mothering her brood of half Spanish, half English babies. Some, yes, to entertain them, she would play her castanets.

Poor Pepita. All she could do was let down her fabulous black hair for the delight of her children and wait for their father's visits from Madrid.

A desperate longing for respectability caused her to have printed visiting cards bearing the inscription "Countess West," surmounted by a coronet.

Victoria Sackville-West writes: "The pathetic part is that, although she had her visiting cards, she knew no one to visit; she was not respectable enough to leave cards on any of his (Lionel's) friends."

She minded terribly the social ostracism, and the fact that the people next door forbade their children to play with hers. She played in the garden with her babies, often wearing a dress with a long train.

When a telegram announcing his arrival came from Lionel, she would trim little trees with red cherries, throw the house into an uproar, and then, dressed in her best, walk with the children to the station to meet him.

Pepita was expecting her seventh baby when in 1872 Lionel was asked by Lord Lyons, the English Ambassador, to take charge temporarily of the deserted Paris Embassy.

He had been there only a few weeks when a telegram came saying that both Pepita and the baby had died.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

DOWN

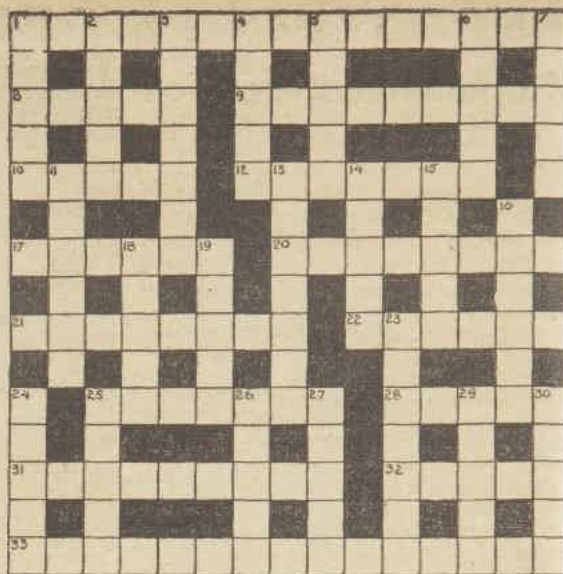
1. Drinking place begins a boat (10).
2. Long narrow marks (5).
3. Central part of a shaken uncle and you and I (7).
4. Specimen before 900 written on a machine (10).
5. Abscond smaller branches and twigs of trees in case (6).
6. Talks boastfully but does not make hot air (10).
7. Of the voice (5).
11. It looks rather like no flower yet it is usually a 14 of a hint (10).
13. Give a claim to do a thing with ten (10).
14. Enslaves the French back of punishment (7).
15. Type a woman's name (5).
16. The devil and you about anything adulterated (10).
18. A portion independently (5).
19. Textile fabric with volutes after tea (10).
23. Cry out of former title (7).
24. Greek rural god I see in sudden alarm (7).
25. The man on a famous Greek legislator (10).
26. Small bird and he form a tax to support the church (10).
27. Greek architectural style (10).
29. Essential part of a ruse grown on head of animals after tea (10).
30. About the year of our Lord why in a bit later? (10).

Solution to last week's crossword.

FURUNCLE FORMAT
NIR S R A U I C
PIRATE RUMINATE
D S W L E S O
INTER S A EARS
N R E H A R E M B Y
GRENADE M A R Y A N
R A P R O N S O
ADDLE I U N T A M E D
I L R E F E R I A L I
N E E D F S S A L I C
X E M I T S A I T
G A M B L E R S E S P I R I T
C A S S L N E A A
S T A R C H E L D O R A D O

The Star of Andalusia died wearing a diamond necklace.

Pepita's death did not end the unconventional story. The children for several years were cared for by a Mlle. de Beon, mother of a man whom Pepita had had as a secretary in her household for some years. Lionel Sackville-West maintained them, settled the two elder boys in South Africa, and when the eldest daughter, Victoria, was 18 had them brought to England, where, for the first time, they met their distinguished relatives. They discovered



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. Lower end of Robert (Anag. 2, 3, 3, 5, and you better consult Book of Daniel).
2. Notch I see in the old writing (5).
3. Slender food and a backwards descendant in a forecast (9).
10. Follow in French Guide (5).
12. Identifies a river and writing implements (7).
17. Red in a mixed tag terrified (6).
20. Displays of temper in insect and spirit after tea (10).
21. Ledge is huge but his second marriage is not valid (10).
22. The French shivering for about three miles (10).
25. Bombastic or just on long poles (7).
28. Purvey food but not only for the cat (10).
31. Let in more mixed to make a resonating pillar in Egypt (10).
32. Fragrance of a Latin capital (10).
33. One way to relieve your mental woes and pay your evaded income tax (10, 5).

that they had an uncle, Lord de la Warr, and another, Lord Sackville, and that the Countess of Derby and the Duchess of Bedford were their aunts.

Eventually Lionel Sackville-West, when appointed British Minister in Washington, took his 18-year-old illegitimate daughter Victoria to act as his hostess for him at the Legation. There the young Victoria reigned for several years, and on return to England, when her father succeeded his brother as Lord Sackville, she married her first cousin, another Lionel Sackville-West.

In 1910 the famous law suit which decided the succession to the title of Lord Sackville was decided in favor of Victoria's husband, Henry, Pepita's second son, sought to establish his claim to the title. (The eldest son, Max, had been registered as the son of Pepita and Olivia.)

It is partly from the evidence and the documents brought forward in that case that Pepita's granddaughter, Victoria Sackville-West, gathered the material to produce the fascinating story of her family history.



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Fifty years of work among children

Kate Cocks, pioneer welfare worker and first police-woman appointed in South Australia, is convinced that the housing shortage is one of the main causes of broken families and child delinquency.

So many and so heartbreaking are the child problems that have confronted her that she cannot bear not to help in some way, so at 75 she is still hard at work in a babies' home she founded at the age of 60.

INCIDENTS in her career would make an exciting film. She was the first woman probation officer of the Child Welfare Department of South Australia, and the founder of the South Australian Women's Police Department.

The film would have a happy ending, too. It would show Miss Cocks revelling in the affection of the tiny tots at the Methodist Babies' Home at Brighton, which has been named after her.

It was in December, 1915, that Miss Cocks was appointed first woman police constable on the permanent staff of the South Australian Police Department.

But long before that she had built a keen reputation for herself as a social worker.

Her first job had been to investigate a complaint regarding conduct at dance halls.

She did it so well that her report was sent to Parliament exactly as she had written it.

Her interest in child delinquency was aroused when she was a teacher at an industrial school.

Because the children were not at school long enough for her to help them, she transferred to the head office of the department and was later appointed as its first probation officer.

It was in this capacity that she discovered many causes for delinquency.

Miss Cocks looks back a little ruefully to her first case in court. It was heard by Mr. James Gordon, she told me, adding that he "wouldn't pay you any compliments, but he was just, and he was sound in law."

"I told him the house in which the children lived was full of dirt and rubbish."

"Well, Miss Cocks," he said, "if the house was full of dirt and rubbish, where were you?"

"That taught me to be exact in my statements."

"Then he asked how I knew certain things."

"The neighbors told me," I replied.

"He then gave me my second lesson . . . not to rely on hearsay, but to see for myself or to produce witnesses."

On her next case Miss Cocks applied the lessons.

A woman, unfavorably known to the police, had been reported as unfit to have charge of her children.

Miss Cocks had to be doubly sure of her grounds, as in another action the woman had been defended by an eminent criminal lawyer who had secured her acquittal.

The neighbors dared not testify—they were frightened of the woman.

"I dressed up in some old clothes and proceeded to strike up some ac-



AT SEVENTY-FIVE Miss Kate Cocks still works for children at the Methodist Babies' Home, Brighton, Adelaide, which was named after her.

quaintances in the street where the family lived," Miss Cocks recalled. "A constable kept an eye on me as I hung around from early afternoon until midnight gossiping to the neighbors and watching the house."

It was not until midnight that Miss Cocks gave up her vigil, but she had her reward in court.

Eminent counsel for the defendant asked how she knew the things she had said in evidence. "Wouldn't the defendant have known you?" he asked.

"Of course," she told me, "I never said a word about being dressed up and he has never known how I got that evidence. But I had the constable's corroboration that I was there at the times stated."

By
FREDA YOUNG,
of our Adelaide staff

Many reforms in law followed in the wake of Miss Cocks' work, as early in the century she had to fight against bad laws as well as bad people, with no precedent to guide her.

One important reform was provision for remands for cases in which children were involved. Often Miss Cocks had had only from 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. to make her inquiries.

On a visit of inspection to a home from which the children had been reported to be in a dirty condition by their school, Miss Cocks was confronted by a furious mother of six, who had informed the neighbors just what she would do.

The woman locked the door of the room into which Miss Cocks was shown, and said: "I'll teach you to tell me how to bath my children."

Miss Cocks says she can still see the clenched fist swinging towards her. Just as the woman was going to strike her she had a change of heart, fell on her knees and asked to be forgiven.

After a moment of relief that her new dentures had been spared what had appeared to be certain destruction, Miss Cocks told the mother she was sorry if her feelings had been hurt.

Then they both cried.

Watching neighbors were dumbfounded to witness their friendly parting.

Miss Cocks' name is legendary in the poorer parts of Adelaide. She had an extraordinary capacity for handling people. And she had a full bag of tricks for working on human emotions and knew when to be defiant, coaxing, stern, trusting, and not trusting.

A theory that she often put into practice was that people come face to face with their real selves far better on their knees than in any other position.

And many a man who has ill-treated a woman or a child she's got down on his marrow bones to beg their forgiveness.

One afternoon a distressed young woman brought her baby along to her with bad bruises on its little face. The husband had been drinking and had knocked the little thing down.

The wife didn't want a court case, but she wanted something done.

At the moment of her coming Miss Cocks had a couple of men visitors in her office. One she had helped to pull on to the straight and narrow some years before, and he never tired of singing her praises. This afternoon he had brought a friend to meet her.

He was just reiterating: "Well, I shall never cease being grateful . . . when Miss Cocks turned and said: 'Now is your chance to prove it.'"

She took them both along with the woman to her home. The husband was lying on the bed. She made him stand up and dressed him down. Then she said: "Now get on to your knees and ask God's and your wife's forgiveness."

He refused.

"Get him on to his knees," she said to her companions, and being strong men they did.

"Now say the Lord's Prayer after me." He was not allowed up until he did.

As she left, Miss Cocks remonstrated: "Now, never let me hear that you've struck an innocent child again."

Operation Knees was quite effective and the wife had a better life after it.

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M for Minx

Continued from page 4

It was the brunette, the one I had
seen before and had once con-
sidered as a possible counteraction
to Madeleine. The blond fellow was
with her, being frightfully enter-
taining as usual. There was quite
a crowd round him.

"... and there's Brian!" Made-
leine's voice rose a little, almost a
squeal of excitement. She sprang up
and without hesitation went up to
the bar. Her high clear voice
floated back to me: "Hallo, there!"

I put down my glass and followed
her. Brian was holding her hand,
grinning at her, handsomely cad-
dish. He was saying: "Lena, this is
Madeleine, the girl I can't stop
dreaming about..."

I thrust my hand through
Madeleine's arm, closed my fingers
into a squeeze.

She turned, sparkling and smiling.
"Oh, Steve! Brian, this is Steve—
Steve Hemming, from the office."

Brian's hand shot out. His eyes
were creased up with grinning. "So-
oh! This is the man you love," he
shouted.

When we went back to our corner
Madeleine didn't look at me. Her
cheeks were very red, and there was
a sort of flustered apology in her
manner.

As for me, I didn't feel at all
apologetic. I didn't even feel ner-
vous of Madeleine. I just wanted
to get one point straight. I went
right up to it.

"What exactly did he mean—"The
man you love." Did you tell Brian
that about me?"

She nodded, fumbling in her hand-
bag. I put my hand over hers.
"Never mind about that now. Just
when did you tell him?"

She made a vague gesture towards
the telephone booth and my memory
clicked into place. I looked down
at Minx.

"You mean the night I brought
you here to tell you what the vet
said about Minx? You went to the
telephone box and rang Brian, was
that when you said it?"

She nodded again, getting pinker
and pinker.

But I wasn't finished with her yet.
"Then when you phoned Brian
in the office and told me, 'I was

speaking to the man I love'—what,
exactly, was the point that time?"
She didn't answer, but seemed to
be very busy turning out the contents
of her handbag—giving it a complete
spring clean.

Then a dim, faint light began to
break.

"Madeleine—answer me—is it just
a catch-phrase you use? Just a silly
phrase that doesn't mean a thing?"

Then she turned towards me, and
I saw that although she was laugh-
ing, her eyes were glistening.

"Oh, Steve—it was a catch-phrase.
And you were so dumb. Perhaps I
thought it would make you jealous,
perhaps that's why I pretended Brian
was keen about me. But when I
said to him on the phone here 'I was
just talking to the man I love,' I
knew I really meant it. But, Steve,
darling, you were so dumb."

I drew her towards me.
"I'm still dumb. I shall always
be dumb. I'm a man of action, not
words," and I kissed her.

Minx broke it up by coming across
to us with something in her mouth
Madeleine had dropped when we
went over to speak to Brian. It was
Madeleine's handkerchief, and she
placed it carefully on her mistress' knee.

Madeleine, her head tucked under
my chin, smiled proudly down.

"Haven't I trained her well? Didn't
I tell you she always brings back my
things?"

I traced the big scarlet initial M,
sewn in one corner. "M for Minx,"
I said, and kissed my minx again.

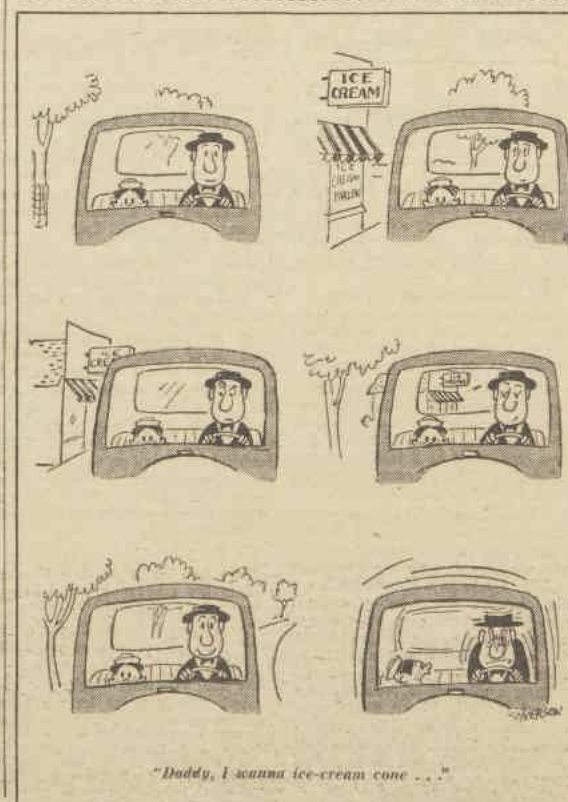
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WORTH Reporting

MUSHROOM growing has expanded from a mere hobby to a means of a livelihood for Mr. J. V. Possingham, of Croydon, S.A. And in this he is supported by his wife and children, who heartily endorse the idea of having mushrooms practically every day.

Last year Mr. Possingham hired two disused railway tunnels in the foothills at Sleep's Hill. One he uses as storage for manure and tools, the other as a garden.

This year he is benefiting by last year's lessons, and now he divides his territory into small beds only 10ft. 6in. long and covering about 50 square feet, with cross paths which keep trouble from spreading from bed to bed.

He dusts and sprays frequently. He has water and electricity laid on and heats the tunnel artificially.

"The important thing is to keep a steady moisture and heat in the soil," he tells us. "Now after a lot of trial and error I can maintain the right atmospheric humidity."

The climate outside the tunnel affects conditions inside, he says, especially if the weather is dry.

"People don't appreciate mushrooms as they should, though," he says. "They are full of nutriment, and my family thrives on them."

His wife, who has scores of recipes, says that a dash of sherry and being liberal with the butter really bring out the flavor of mushrooms.

"We never throw the stalks away as many do, but cut them up and make soup of them. There's a lot of flavor in the stalks."

"Also," she adds, "cultivated mushrooms, being clean, don't have to be skinned, and a lot of flavor and time are lost in skinning."

SUPERSTITION raises its head in a lot of places, including taxis. We stepped into a taxi at the junk hut week, and the young driver looked at us rather mournfully.

Then he put his head out of the window and said to the other people there, "Anyone else for that direction?"

"When they said no, we drove off. 'I'm in for a bad night of it,' said the driver."

"Why's that?" we asked him. "Well," he said, "I always find that if I have a full load for the first run of the night I have plenty of work for the rest of the time. But if I have only one fare . . ."

"You mean," we said, dropping to a, "that because you only picked us up, you'll only get single fares for the rest of the time?"

"Yes," he said. Upon which we charitably said he could put us out if he liked (not meaning it at all).

But with a look of resignation our taximan drove us to our destination and said "Good-night," making it clear that the adjective good wouldn't apply to his work that evening.



"He's not in right now. Can I take a message? This is 'Dream-boat,' Sr. speaking."

A WIFE we know is wondering just what her social standing is with a suburban storekeeper from whom she deals.

When the storekeeper heard that our friend's husband had taken his degree in Economics he exclaimed, with sincere friendliness:

"You know, you should go and live in the country! You'd be somebody then!"

Judge in retirement will continue service

FOR Judge Ralph Perdriau, retiring Chairman of the N.S.W. Workers' Compensation Commission, his judicial work with the Commission has always been "more than a job—it is practical Christianity."

"For injured workers and their dependants, Workers' Compensation is the Atlantic Charter's Freedom from Want," he declared.

The judge, an alert, friendly person, who has reached the N.S.W. statutory retiring age of 70 years, looks and acts 10 years younger.

Known as the Father of Workers' Compensation in Australia, because in 1925 he drafted the bill which is the basis of present-day workers' compensation law throughout the country, Judge Perdriau has established two records.

He has had the longest period of judicial service of any judge for all time in both Commonwealth and State Industrial Courts; among members of the Commonwealth and State Judiciary, now holding office in both civil and industrial spheres, his is the longest period of judicial service.

The judge has had a flood of letters and telegrams from people who have appeared before him. He said what pleased him was that they represented all sections of the community such as trade and industrial unions, employers' organisations, insurers, and individuals, as well as from members of the legal and medical professions.

An injured tram-driver wrote: "You restored my faith in God and man."

Judge Perdriau is very interested in the rehabilitation of injured workers, and thinks an expert should be sent to investigate and report on similar work overseas.

Asked what he would do in his retirement, he replied: "I play golf, bowls, swim, fish, drive my car, and play cards. Having worked all my life, I have no doubt there will be ways and means whereby I can still render some service to the community."

Collects and performs only Australian works

IN her collection of compositions by Australian composers, reputed to be the largest private one in Australia, Western Australian pianist Dorothea Angus says she has enough pieces to play for three years without repeating herself. Piano compositions greatly outweigh songs, but contralto Phyllis Everett, co-artist with Miss Angus, says that she has enough songs to keep her going for a year without doubling up. However, their cry is that there are still not enough new ones coming forth.

Dorothea and Phyllis have been presenting all-Australian programmes for six years now, and between them, have given nearly 150 broadcasts.

In private life Miss Everett is Mrs. M. D. Mears, wife of former Deputy Commissioner for Taxation in Western Australia, and Miss Angus is senior music mistress at Perth College. Both were pupils of the Adelaide Conservatorium, but met only when both were living in Western Australia.

Miss Angus says that the way to keep a collection is not to lend. She goes to infinite trouble to find Australian works, keeps her eyes open in second-hand shops, and has been rewarded with works that went out of print 20 years ago.

She says that sometimes the composers have forgotten that they have ever written them!

Since winning a scholarship for composition given by Brewster Jones, she has never lost touch with the little group of students with whom she worked, and is now rewarded by being one of the first to receive their latest compositions.

She has great faith in the future of Australian composers, and sees an ever-rising graph of more and more artists presenting more and more Australian works, and a bigger public listening to them.

A NEW type of London "barrow-boy" has put the regulars out of business. They are barrow-boys earning pocket-money to tide them over the summer vacation.

Wearing open-necked shirts and blazers bearing the crests of famous colleges, they get up at dawn to buy lorry loads of fruit direct from the growers, then sell it at far below the normal price.

Regular barrow-boys tried reducing their wares, too, but found they couldn't compete with their college rivals, and retired from the field, not without a few forthright remarks.

Gift from a Prince at U.S. Embassy

ONE of the most valued possessions in the U.S. Embassy at Canberra is a length of obi tapestry belonging to the Ambassador's wife, Mrs. Pete Jarman, who uses it as a table scarf set off by tall candlesticks. It is a magnificent piece of cloth in a gold metallic thread, hand-woven in greens, blues, reds, mauve, and a touch of black in fan designs depicting some national legend.

Mrs. Jarman hopes to have the tapestry (designed for use in the ceremonial sashes or obis worn by Japanese and Chinese women) made into an evening coat later.

She told our Canberra reporter the story of how she acquired the material. Last February she was in Singapore, and at a dinner-party met the Crown Prince of Johore, who invited her to a dinner at the Sultan's palace, which, she said, was full of priceless treasures. She became bored looking at the dozens of diamonds—baby ones to outside stones. At the end of the evening she was presented with the 5½ yards of obi tapestry.



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Lois said mournfully, "I went back to work. Suddenly Samson shot out of his office. I never heard anyone curse like that. It seems he had an appointment out of the office at three. What made it even worse was that he noticed all at once that he had no shoes on. We haven't exchanged a civil word since."

We've assailed his blooming dignity again, Charles writhed. That's one against our team.

He drew faces on the telephone pad. "Lois, dear," he said softly, "I didn't mean it to be taken so literally."

"Well, it's your fault for inspiring faith in me."

That ended their conversation, but when Lois came home at six, Charles presented her with a small square box.

"For me?" said Lois, startled.

"What is it?"

"A pound of sausages. Why not open it and see?"

Lois opened the box and drew out a fragile yellow-green orchid. Her face grew pink.

"Oh, thank you!" she exclaimed. "This is the first time anybody ever gave me an orchid. And it isn't even an ordinary orchid. It's exotic."

Charles said judiciously, "This will go with your hair and with the dress Mandy and I have decided you're going to wear. It's the chartreuse crepe with the draped front. It's going to make you look like a dryad in the springtime, hey, hey!"

"You," said Lois rosy, "should be writing fashion articles."

"You exasperate me, Lois. A womanly woman accepts a compliment if she wants to inspire more. Just smile sweetly and perhaps bat an eyelash or two. Now go and dress."

A half hour later Lois looked out of the taxi at the drizzling rain.

"I'm almost sorry we're going to Marguerite's dinner," she said. "We're just stool pigeons. She prob-

The Halo Wouldn't Fit

Continued from page 5

ably has one meal she's learnt by heart, and anyway we'll be a couple of gooseberries."

Charles stared at her, alarmed. "I say, you sound as though you're sickening for something. Just like my mother. She's always difficult before she's ill."

Lois sneezed. "I'm very well. Take your fingers off my pulse."

Marguerite was sensibly attired in a short black dinner-dress shielded by a plastic apron. Lois in her festive array, with the yellow-green orchid in her hair, looked almost ostentatious beside her.

Taking their coats, Marguerite led them into a large and comfortably shabby sitting-room.

"Amuse yourselves for a bit," she said. "I must put the finishing touches to the dinner."

Lois and Charles subsided into long, low chairs, and, with the frank lack of restraint between old friends, permitted themselves a thorough-going inspection of the room. There were books, a piano, and several silver cups.

"What are the cups for?" said Lois.

Charles hoisted himself up. "This one's for tennis," he reported over his shoulder. "This is for golf. Amateur."

Lois sniffed. "Nothing for water polo? Isn't there anything she doesn't do?"

"We'll ask her when Samson gets here. I hope he's tired."

Lois nodded. "He will be. He was to-day. Tired and testy. Like an old man with gout."

Marguerite returned with a tray of cocktails.

"I love mixing drinks," she said. "I always wanted to be a barman. Perhaps I will some day. There's time for everything."

Lois spluttered.

The doorbell rang, rather lackadaisically.

"There's the tired old man," Lois murmured.

Marguerite sent Samson in and left them to their cocktails while she finished preparing the dinner. Samson's eyes flickered over Lois and paused at the orchid in her hair.

"You're looking very pretty to-night, Lois, after the hard day."

"May I point out," Charles said, "that it was you who made it a hard day? Lois, in case you didn't realise, is very sensitive."

Now, he thought, was as good a time as any to open Samson's eyes to Lois.

"She's very feminine. What she did was the natural action of a womanly woman." Go on, man, he told himself, lay it on with a trowel.

"Oh, she told you about it?" Samson said, reddening.

"She came home practically desolate," said Charles, discussing Lois as if she weren't there. "I don't know if you know it, old boy, but Lois hero-worships you."

"Oh, come," said Samson. But he was patently pleased. "I didn't mean to be a boor this afternoon," he apologised.

Lois accepted the apology by blinking wistfully at him, lightly touched the orchid in her hair, and said nothing with a great deal of charm.

"Lovely flower," Samson said.

"It was my idea," Charles said promptly. "It makes her look like a dryad in the springtime, doesn't it?"

Samson looked again.

"Not too far-fetched," he said handsomely. "There is something of the nymph about Lois."

Well, well, thought Charles, our score is going up.

Please turn to page 29

A Ford Pill—then off to bed

This grateful mother writes:

For many years my mother used Ford Pills whenever any of her family was off colour and now, since I have my own little ones, I use them too. I find them very effective for all the family and as soon as the kiddies complain of any tummy trouble I give them a Ford Pill and send them off to bed and they are quite well again next day. I have always used them even when the babies were coming and found them a wonderful help at those times.

Ford Pills contain no poisons or dangerous drugs.

Ford Pills are safe for children and the most delicate patients.

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Give half a Ford Pill crushed in honey, jam or treacle.

Older children:
Give half to 1 Ford Pill with a drink or crushed in honey, jam or treacle.

Adults:
1 to 3 Ford Pills with a drink.

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GET FORD PILLS IN PLASTIC TUBES 2/6 EVERYWHERE



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THE GENTLE, TASTELESS, PAINLESS LAXATIVE FOR ALL YOUR FAMILY



It seems to me . . .

A GROUP of distinguished scientists, meeting recently at a conference in Paris, announced their findings on the controversial subject of race differences.

Their theory—described by the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organisation as the most authoritative ever issued—can be condensed by saying that racial superiority is a myth.

They hold that there is no proof that different groups of mankind differ in intelligence and temperament; that there is no reason why people of different color should not inter-marry; and that given the same opportunities members of different races could reach similar average achievement. They added that the myth of racial superiority had already caused immense human suffering.

Apart from large-scale human suffering, it has soured and saddened many personal lives. The old belief—held not only by the white races—was that children of marriages between people of different color were inferior to those of "pure" race. How often have you heard the old catch-cri that such children "inherit the bad points of both"? Disproved over and over again by the achievements and character of people of mixed blood, it still poisons thousands of lives.

If there came a time when the white races no longer believed in their own superiority, when the colored races no longer labored under an inheritance of bitterness, when a marriage between people of different colors raised no more eyebrows than one between an Englishman and a Frenchwoman, we'd be a long way towards peace.

Scientific thought is always far ahead of human behaviour, but it's some comfort to know that while we hover on the brink of a third world war there is at least one small section of mankind thinking in a way which may eventually help the cause of human harmony.

SILLIEST notion of the month department—three ounces of Australian earth being sent from Sydney Conservatorium to the Hollywood Bowl.

Twenty-one other nations are thus represented. They are chosen because their representatives have made some musical or artistic contribution to the Bowl programme. The Australian earth was dug with all due ceremony by the Lord Mayor of Sydney and the Conservatorium Director.

There's no harm, probably a lot of good, in some of these little symbolic gestures between nations. But three ounces of earth! It strikes me as on a par with the old chestnut about bringing back a bottle of water from Niagara Falls as an indication of the scenery.

THE Telephone Department's statistics show that early morning wake-up calls are increasing—455,000 in 1949-50, which was 35,000 more than the previous year.

There's no doubt that the phone call is more effective for wrenching one from the blankets than the old alarm clock. The practised alarm clock stopper can raise a hand in sleep and silence the thing, hardly disturbing a dream.

A telephone call has to be answered. Theoretically, you could answer it and go back to sleep, but usually you don't. Possibly the psychological effect of another person being involved, even though represented only by an unknown voice, puts pressure on the unwilling waker. Then again, it may be the psychological effect of loquacity—the cost of a wake-up call.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 5, 1950



Dorothy Drain

By

SO the price of cigarettes will probably go up by two-pence-halfpenny.

Novice smokers, horror-struck, will be making strenuous resolutions about cutting them down. Simple, they'll think it is. If a packet now costs tenpence-halfpenny, and you smoke a packet a day, you must smoke proportionately less than a packet a day to keep the expenditure static. Oh, yes?

The trouble with most of us is that we've been through all that. Long ago, before you little ones remember, cigarettes cost sixpence. In common with everything else, they've been rising in price relentlessly over the past ten years.

Each rise was accompanied by

fierce resolutions to reduce the consumption. It is now generally conceded that for most people "tapering off" is too hard, and the only solution is to cut the things right out.

Men smokers seem better at stopping altogether than women.

I don't think this is due to any superior will power on the part of men. I think the reason is that when a man is in that state of seething irritation which accompanies the initial stages of giving up smoking, his womenfolk will put up with him.

Men, on the contrary, don't extend such forbearance to women. The weakness of a woman is that she likes to be attractive, and that's what an irritable woman isn't.

NOT being a mother, I really shouldn't have a word to say about the upbringing of children, but wouldn't life be dull if you were only allowed to talk on subjects of which you had personal experience?

The news that inspired me to put an ear into a baby welfare discussion comes from London, where the National Baby Council has deplored baby-talk.

Possibly it's dangerous to say so out loud, but I can't see that parents' baby-talk matters much, except to the unfortunate adult listeners. Once a child reaches school age the transition to adult language in its more vigorous and less acceptable forms is only too speedy.

MEN are the best housekeepers, says Mrs. Mary Heiner, a New York household management expert. She says they "get rid of work by preventing it."

Anybody knows that men are the best housekeepers because

They don't follow slavishly all those traditional, mysterious laws

(Passed down from generation to generation of the female sex)

Which turn wives and mothers inevitably into domestic wrecks.

Work is the kind of thing women always find because they seek.

Whereas the bacheling male knows a bed need be made only once a week.

And as for food, why not straight out of the refrigerator or a tin.

Instead of cloths, knives, and forks, and all that paraphernalia before you begin?

So the sensible wife, returning from the holiday designed to give her a lovely rest,

Simply smiles, and says, "Yes, dear, I think your methods are much the best."

And philosophically reflects, as she lets out the cigar smoke by flinging into the embers,

"To-morrow I'll start to clean up this fearful squalor from attic to basement."

NOW! Dental Science Shows that Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST



Better Than Any Other Way of Preventing Tooth Decay According to Reports in Authoritative Dental Literature!

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£10 WEEKLY

BROADCASTING FEE FOR CLEVER LAST LINES

DULUX JINGLES

Every week a new jingle will be published in "The Australian Women's Weekly." The makers of "Dulux," the Miracle Synthetic Finish superseding enamels, will pay a £10 fee for what the judges consider the cleverest last line. Here is jingle No. 5. Try your skill on the missing line.

No. 5 "EXTERIOR DULUX" PAINT HAS MADE A SCIENCE OF THE PAINTER'S TRADE—WITH HOUSE PROTECTION DOUBLY SURE.
(Missing Line)

NOTE: Copy out these three lines and add your own last line, sending in the whole four lines, with your name and address in block letters, on the same sheet. The award for this jingle will be announced over 50 Radio Stations in "Jack Davy Star-maker," commencing August 2. Send your entry to reach Macquarie Broadcasting Service not later than August 16, and listen for the weekly winner's name and the winning jingle on your local or nearest participating station from THAT DATE and afterwards weekly. Judges' decision will be final. The staffs and their families of British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd. and associated companies are excluded from this competition. Mark your envelope "Dulux Jingles" and mail to reach Macquarie Broadcasting Service, Box 4290, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., by August 16.

Australians may soon drink home-grown tea

By SARA STRAMBERG, of our Brisbane office

Tea-growing experiments which are being conducted by the Queensland Department of Agriculture, at South Johnstone, in North Queensland, may lead to the production of tea in Australia on a commercial basis.

That tea of good quality, suitable for blending, can be grown in this area has been proved; but the question yet to be decided is whether or not it can be grown to compete economically with the overseas product.

PARTICULAR interest is now aroused in the Queensland Government's experiment by the increased price of tea in Australia.

In a tour of the north undertaken by the Director of the Division of Plant Industry in Queensland, Dr. W. A. Summerville, and Mr. W. J. S.

Sloan, Assistant Director of Agriculture, special attention is being given to tea-growing.

Many residents of North Queensland have shown their interest in the experiment and have made inquiries about the possibilities of tea-growing on their land.

On the half-acre experimental plot

Pressure brewed

PRESSURE - COOKED tea may be something new on the menu if a tea-making unit for pressure cookers, invented by Commonwealth Government employees, Dr. R. C. Hutchinson and Mr. J. E. Excell, is put on the market.

But tea hasn't always been so solicitously treated.

In England during the mid-seventeenth century many people, not understanding the use of tea, spread the stewed leaves on bread, or mixed them with beaten eggs and fried them.

at South Johnstone are about 3000 trees five years old or more.

Thousands of seeds and cuttings from trees in the plot have been sent to Aiyura, in New Guinea, where a tea industry is in the course of development.

The experiment in North Queensland is not a new undertaking. It has been going on for many years, and results of trade testing show that the department is growing tea of a quality satisfactory for blending.

When I saw Mr. Sloan before he left for the northern tour he said that all production at the experimental station could be absorbed by the Australian market.

The tea was as good as Java tea which had been imported into Australia before the war, he said.

The department intends this season to plant trees on half an acre of high land to procure tea of a different quality. This, Mr. Sloan expects, should also be suitable for blending.

The Queensland Government has yet to find whether enough tea can be grown here to supply the Australian market and whether it can be harvested economically.

Because of the cost of hand harvesting here, the Government has ordered a mechanical harvesting device used in Ceylon and Assam.



EXPERIMENTAL tea plot at South Johnstone. Mr. T. G. Graham, officer-in-charge, shows how bud and two leaves of each stalk are picked.

The harvester is an adaptation of a hedge-cutter used widely in England; it cuts the buds and leaves and it sweeps them into a container attached.

In many tea-growing countries the picking is done by women, who have more nimble fingers than men and are considered quicker.

For the time being the officer-in-charge at South Johnstone, Mr. T. G. Graham, has had to improvise methods of picking and drying the leaves. A kerosene tin, with one side cut out and tied lengthwise to a cord round the picker's waist, is the popular receptacle for the leaves.

Members of the department have often had their "cuppa" from leaves gathered in North Queensland, and they say it is similar in taste to imported tea.

Tea-growing is but one of the many experiments conducted at South Johnstone. A large experimental area is used for the cultivation of rice.

Australians still have the cheapest cup of tea in the world, Mr. R. H. Gilbert, secretary of the Tea and Coffee Traders' Association, points out.

"When you consider that we get something like 200 cups of tea to a pound, tea is still a very cheap drink," he says.

Australia is the third largest tea-consuming country in the world. Yearly an average of seven pounds per head is used in comparison with seven and three-quarter pounds in Eire, and nine and a quarter pounds in the United Kingdom, the world's largest consumer.



PICKING the first "flush" of tea leaves. Mr. "Bart" Bartholomew, member of the South Johnstone staff, uses a kerosene tin "tea basket" for the job.

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for Shimmering Hair Loveliness!

Now you can give your hair the shimmering "lovelights" . . . shining-clean radiance arising from a vigorous, healthy scalp . . . easier to comb, and with your precious wave preserved! Richard Hudnut brings you four superb professional-quality preparations—the complete "Hair Beauty Ritual" as used in the world-famous Richard Hudnut Salon, Fifth Avenue, New York.

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A rich liquid cream, containing real egg! Beauty-cleanses each strand to extra shimmering radiance . . . makes hair softer, easier to comb and set . . . preserves your wave . . . tones the scalp . . . ideal for use before your Richard Hudnut Home Permanent. 8 oz. bottle . . . 8/6.



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RUSTY BUCKLEY of Pitt Street, Sydney, is only 5 years old, but he has been playing the trombone for one year and the cornet for 2 years. Rusty's mother has given him Vegemite since he was six months old. "Rusty loves Vegemite," she says, "and I'm sure it's helped to make him the healthy youngster he is today." Vegemite is the true yeast extract. It's nearly three times richer in vitamin B₁ than other similar extracts, and it contains no starch. Vegemite is tastier too, and more economical.

Y02

The Halo Wouldn't Fit

Continued from page 26

LOIS cherished Samson's compliment to her bosom. She even had enough warmth left over to applaud the dinner.

The dinner began with hot mushroom soup. Charles and Samson absorbed it with reverent gusto. Marguerite collected the plates and disappeared for the second course.

"She's quite a cook," said Samson. "Isn't she an amazing girl?"

Lois sneezed. Charles looked at her. Her eyes had become very bright, and he did not like it. He also did not like Samson's renewed enthusiasm.

Marguerite returned with a huge dish, which she set down with pardonable pride. On it was a brace of pheasants, from which rose an aroma infinitely tender.

She brought in potato crisps and baby sprouts, garnished with chestnuts, and the bread sauce was a thing to dream about. There was a bread tray stacked with gleaming little rolls.

"Nothing fancy," she said complacently. "I know men prefer solid, simple food."

Lois stared at the pheasants. "What do you do when you get fancy?"

"Oh, I play about with souffles and mousses and things cooked in wine and rich pastries, you know."

Lois didn't. Charles, who had not liked the obvious female trick of detouring through a man's stomach to his heart, was nevertheless forced to admit that the dinner so far was a menace to any man's loyalty.

The meal came to a triumphant close with ice-cream covered by hot chocolate sauce and coffee.

"That was marvellous," Samson said, and with an inward look, added, "I'm afraid I've had too much of a good thing."

"You need to work it off," Marguerite said.

Lois said smoothly: "Your dinner was wonderful, Marguerite, but Samson always rests after meals."

Samson laughed gratefully. "Lois knows all my little weaknesses."

In the sitting-room Samson collapsed into an easy chair. His attention focused on the silver cups, and he sat up straighter, eyeing them uneasily.

Charles followed his gaze. "Niez, aren't they? All won by our Marguerite. She's an all-round girl if there ever was one."

Samson turned to Marguerite. "Are you a professional athlete as well as everything else?"

"Amateur," said Marguerite. "Nothing fanatical about it. I just like to use my muscles. Why?"

Charles said, "What I admire most about Marguerite is her phenomenal energy."

"Yes, of course," said Samson hastily, "but most of us don't have time for so many things."

Lois said agreeably, "Samson puts in enough work a day for three men. He needs relaxation more than he needs exercise."



"I realise you're new here, Johnson—but when we run out of something we only scratch it off the menu inside!"

Samson nodded. "That's the most soothing remark I've heard for years."

Marguerite tossed her head. "I don't know how we got into this discussion. You'd think I'd suggested a couple of sets of tennis."

Charles rallied his knowledge of Samson and waded in for what he hoped was the kill.

"Let's have an old-fashioned sing-song," he suggested. "Samson has a wonderful voice, Lois says."

Samson turned to look at Lois. To Charles' relief, her face was serious, almost awed.

"It's not as good as all that," Samson said. "And don't forget we have a professional in our midst." But he had the overdone humility of a man who yearns to perform.

"Go on, old boy," urged Charles. "See how you get on."

After a little more coaxing, Samson rubbed his hands together and stood up. Marguerite led him to the piano, and they decided he would feel at home with Gilbert and Sullivan.

With a praiseworthy air of assurance Samson tuned up for "A Wandering Minstrel I." He cleared his throat, trumpeted a few notes through his nose, and waited for Marguerite to give him the key.

Samson may have had a pleasant voice, thought Charles blissfully after the first stanza, but as he had suspected, it could do with a few years of intensive training.

Marguerite could not hit a wrong note if she tried, and Samson's little deviations stood out in eerie contrast.

Samson stopped. "Your timing's wrong," he informed Marguerite. "It's too slow." To prove it, he galloped to a finish as if he were running a race.

"I'm sorry," said Marguerite, but her face was flushed. "You did splendidly, in spite of the handicaps."

Charles realised that she was sternly controlling herself. Any professional, he thought, resents being criticised by an amateur, no matter who the amateur is. All she needed now was a little prompting to tell the truth.

"What did you think of Samson's voice?" he asked. "Give us your professional opinion."

"Yes, tell us honestly," Samson said. "I want to know."

Marguerite looked down at the piano. "Well, if you insist. It's a fine voice, but it needs training. I put years into mine."

"I'm not making a career of it," Samson said somewhat truculently.

To Charles' joy, Lois recognised her cue.

"Of course not," she said quickly. "My gracious, a person can't scatter himself in all directions. You can't be professional in everything you do. You can get a lot of pleasure in just using your voice for yourself and the people who like you."

Samson gazed at Lois with new interest.

"My point of view exactly."

Marguerite spread her hands. "You asked for my opinion, didn't you?" she said plaintively. "Anyhow, you two seem to share a great many points of view."

Please turn to page 32

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The third . . . I had that at breakfast—so had George my husband and the children—so I hope did you. We had our protein, vitamins and minerals all at once . . . Complicated? Not at all—we take Bemax at breakfast just as many of the world's finest athletes do."

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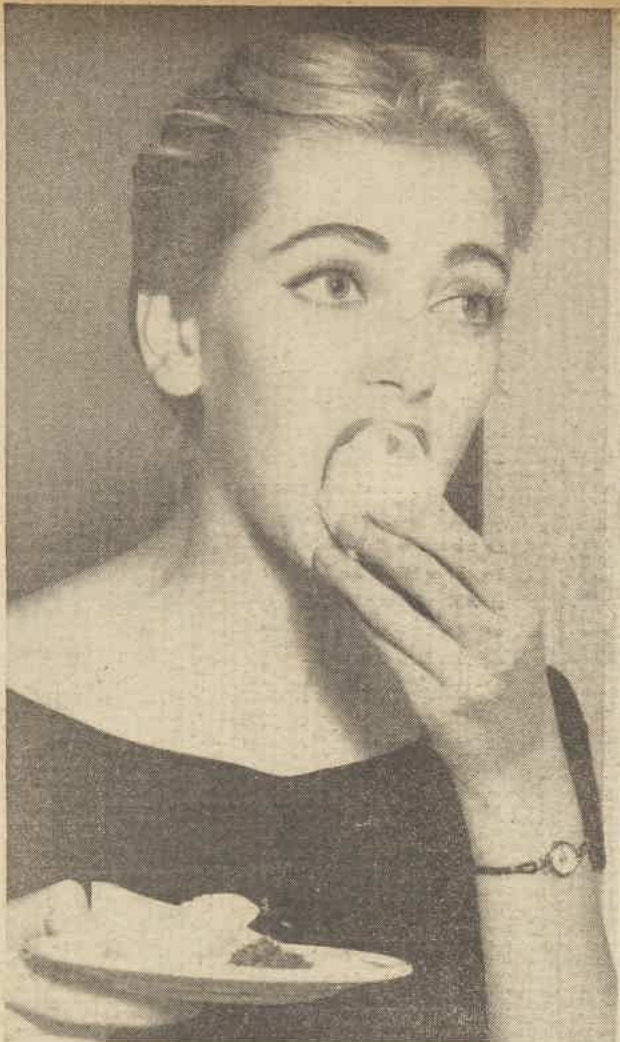


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CREAM CAKE. Most girls say "cheese" when they're photographed, but American model Carmen Dell'Orifice is beautiful enough to say "cream cake" instead. Carmen uses only eye make-up and lipstick, says her beautiful complexion is due to "eating good and plenty," with lots of exercise.



MAIL FROM HOME. Andrea Johnson (left), Carmen Dell'Orifice, Ruth Hancock, and Margo Price call at hotel reception-desk for mail. Andrea, Ruth, and Margo are all married, and look forward to airmail letters from their husbands back home.

AMERICAN BEAUTIES IN

Four top-line models showing glamorous clothes from U.S.

By JOYCE BOWDEN

Australian women will feel that they are seeing old acquaintances when they look at the four beautiful American girls in the American Fashion Parades at David Jones'.

The girls, Ruth Hancock, director of the parades, Andrea Johnson, Margo Price, and Carmen Dell'Orifice, are all top-line models whose faces are often seen in American fashion magazines and in photographs published in Australia.

RUTH'S face seemed the most familiar to me, although she has been less photographed than the other three.

"That's because she has the 'American model face,'" said Mrs. Evelyn del Barrio, director of sales

promotion and advertising for Neiman-Marcus, who travelled with the girls.

"She is a typical American girl and has the 'look' of the collegiate and 'junior miss' fashion ideal."

Ruth is 24, married to a Dallas banker, Hal Hancock, junior. She began her modelling career with

Neiman-Marcus at 16, while still in high school and is now a look for junior styles in the Dallas store.

Andrea Johnson and Margo Price are married too. Ruth and Margo wear wide, gold wedding rings, a modern version of those that their mother wore. Andrea doesn't wear hers because she has been asked to remove it so often for fashion news that she is afraid of losing it.

Eighteen-year-old Carmen Dell'Orifice, the baby of the group, is the only single one.

"I like modelling, but I'd never get married," she said.

"Are there many unusual Australian men?" she asked me.

I assured her there were. "That's good," she sighed. "I'm glad there are a lot of Australian babies. New York just swarms with married men."

"I'm not really a blonde," Carmen told me. "My hair is naturally dark brown, but there's a new dye that I use to make it ash-blond. The shades have different names. I use a combination of 'Ember' and 'Sable' to get this shade. I have to re-dye it every 12 days."

All the girls look after their own apartments, and Carmen is just as domesticated as the three married girls.

She lives in New York where her mother, who, this year, is obtaining her Arts degree at a university, is studying for honors in journalism and descriptive writing.

"So you see, as mother's helper, I have to do the chores and house-keeping between modelling," she said.

I wouldn't advise any girl who is trying to stay slim to stay with Carmen for long. It would make her too envious to see Carmen eat. The girls say that she usually eats not only her own desert, but my spare deserts as well.

"I made sure, as soon as I heard I was going to Australia, that there'd be plenty of steak, chicken, and ice-cream," Carmen said. "I'm 5ft. 11in. tall and weigh 110 lbs. 5lb."

"Diet?" She raised her eyebrows above her beautiful eyes. "Why, I just eat all the time. I go to the exercise that keeps me slim."

Andrea Johnson is a girl of wide interests. With the help of her husband, 33-year-old Claude Johnson, who is her partner and director, she runs a model agency, "Four Heads," and has 30 girls on her staff.

She is 23, sometimes earns as much as £300 a week. Her hobby is keeping Siamese cats.

"My husband realised, just before I left, that he had to look after his cats," she said. "I considered leaving one to Australia to see if I could exchange it for a kangaroo."



VISITING MANNEQUINS meet local mannequins. Margo Price (left), Janis Mahony, Margaret Edwards, Ruth Hancock, Andrea Johnson, Karen Scammell, and Carmen Dell'Orifice take a brisk walk in the park. The local girls—Janis, Margaret, and Karen—are thrilled at the opportunity of appearing with the American models in the parades. Janis is from Sydney, Margaret from Victoria, and Karen was born in Denmark.



Ruth Hancock, director of the American Fashion Parades, pins slipper orchid to lapel of her dress before going out to dine.

PARADES

OUR COVER
A BALL GOWN by Marusia is worn by Carmen Dell'Orifice in our cover picture. On page 11 are other pictures in color showing the American mannequins wearing dresses by leading American designers. The Myer Emporium Ltd., Melbourne and Adelaide, in conjunction with Neiman-Marcus, of Dallas, Texas, have brought the American Fashion Parades to Sydney through the Daily and Sunday Telegraph and David Jones, Ltd. The gala premiere will be held at 8.30 p.m. on August 21 at David Jones' Elizabeth Street store. Afternoon and evening sessions will be held from August 22 to August 26, and there will be a morning session on August 26. Preferential bookings for the gala premiere are now open at David Jones.

but Glauco felt that would be too much."

Andrea makes all her own clothes, and wears colors to tone with her fragile coloring and blonde hair. Beige, grey, and light turquoise are her favorite shades.

"They're Siamese cat colors," she said, "and I recently did our apartment over in them."

Andrea had most of her information about Australia from New York taxi-drivers.

"Every time I took a cab I asked the driver if he'd been in Australia during the war years," she said. "Very often the answer was yes, and I'd go to work on him and ask all sorts of questions."

"Guess I got kidded along a little, as some of my ideas about Australia have changed," she added.

Margo Price, who is a model in Elizabeth Arden's New York salon, is 25, and married to a New York television show producer. The couple live in a four-room flat in Peter Cooper village—a group of new apartment houses in mid-town Manhattan, where occupants are restricted to former Service people.

Margo wants to buy opals during her stay in Australia. On her little finger she wears a dress ring of gold set with an opal which was a gift from her husband's grandfather when she married. "It used to be his tie-pin," she said.

Before Ruth Hancock left Texas the Neiman-Marcus store presented her with a gold charm to be attached to a charm bracelet. The charm was a map of Texas with the wording, "Neiman-Marcus 1950 Australian Fashion Parades."

Ruth was given charms for the three American girls who came with her and for the girls who are parading with them—Janis Mahony, Margaret Edwards, and Karen Scamnell.



AMERICAN MODELS. Andrea Johnson (left), Ruth Hancock (centre top), Margo Price (right), and Carmen Dell'Orifice, the four American models who have come to Australia for the American Fashion Parades, which will be held at David Jones' Elizabeth Street store. The models wear a light make-up when they are not working, but for modelling and photographic work they use a heavier make-up. They all like simple clothes of good material for their own wardrobe, choose a smart basic ensemble and add accessories for occasions.

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Melbourne, Aust., Agents.

The Halo Wouldn't Fit

Continued from page 29

ONCE again, to Charles' satisfaction, Lois recognised her cue. "We should share viewpoints," she said blandly. "I mean, I think a woman should try to understand the man she—that is, the man she works for."

"Only way to get on," said Samson.

Marguerite looked bewildered. "What's your voice got to do with all this?"

"It's the attitude," Lois said obliquely. "You should appreciate a thing on its own level."

Samson said, "That's it exactly."

My, my, said Charles to himself, a meeting of true minds. He sighed. Lois was certainly being sweet and feminine as he had advised her to be and the role was becoming. Samson was lapping it up after the blow to his self respect.

Samson looked at his watch. "It's getting late."

"It's just ten o'clock," said Marguerite with a touch of frostiness.

Lois said softly, "Samson's been missing so much sleep. And he needs his sleep. He's not like you, Marguerite."

Samson nodded. "I think we'd better go, Lois."

Charles did not remind him that he, Charles, had escorted Lois here.

Lois looked like a kitten having its first taste of cream. He watched Samson help her into her coat. There was something new in Samson's behaviour. It was both protective and assured.

Lois, under cover of getting into her coat, winked prettily at Charles. Charles winked back. He had the odd sensation that he was bidding her farewell for ever.

He followed Marguerite into the kitchen after the two had left. Marguerite swished a mop over the dishes.

"Well, Lois is more his type," she said philosophically. "She eats out of his hand. I'm not built that way. Didn't he impress you as a bit of a stuffed shirt?"

Charles considered. "If Lois likes him, there's nothing for me to say."

Marguerite handed him a plate to dry.

"You're sweet," she said. "You sound like a mother doing her poor best about her child marrying the wrong man. Your heart isn't in it."

"Well, I put a lot of work into that girl."

"Are you sure it isn't more personal than that?"

He said loftily: "Haven't you ever taken an impersonal interest in anyone in your life?"

"No," said Marguerite.

Charles spent a curiously unhappy night, considering the fact that he had launched Lois on her way. He put the pillow over his face to shut out the images of her that kept floating before him.

Morning found him restless. He continued feeling like that through a number of two-handed poker games with Mr. Halliday, who was talkative with Lois' news.

"Funny thing how love changes a girl," he said. "She's become as fetching as a French doll."

"That's fine," said Charles flatly.

At two o'clock, when he had convinced himself he would be doing himself a favor by leaving, the doorbell rang. Mrs. Halliday, who had been prematurely planning Lois' trousseau, jumped to answer it, and went rigid.

"Oh! Oh, my!" she cried.

Charles looked past her. Framed in the doorway was Samson, and in his arms, her legs dangling weakly, was Lois. Charles' heart leaped painfully.

Lois' face was red, her nose even redder. Her eyes gleamed feverishly and her smile was tremulous.

"Hello," she said conversationally. "I fainted."

Charles had a suspicion she was pleased with herself.

"She has flu," Samson explained.

"She came down to work with a raging temperature."

Lois turned her face towards Samson's protective chest and said nobly, "I didn't want to hold anything up."

"It was brave of you," Samson assured her.

He carried her to the sofa and eased her into it. Her arms clung lingeringly about his neck a moment and then fluttered weakly to her sides. To Charles, anxious as he was, she seemed suspiciously like an actress in a death-bed scene. Samson diligently chafed her wrists.

Lois raised rather puffy eyelids, managing somehow to look beguiling. "Don't worry so, Samson," she begged.

Samson muttered, "You scared the life out of me."

Mrs. Halliday prepared Lois' bed, and Samson, still pale, carried her in and left her to her mother's care. Then he took to striding up and down the sitting-room. Charles, equally worried, but more practical, telephoned the doctor.

For a person who had recently fainted, Lois looked almost festive in bed. She was wearing a smart little bedgown—one of Mrs. Halliday's—and her hair was becomingly arranged.

The temperature gave her a sparkling look, and even the red nose came in for its bit of charm, being cared for by a dainty, very lacy handkerchief.

Charles guessed she was having the time of her life. Not only had she finally attracted Samson, but she was his sole concern. It was enough to make most women dizzy with power, and Lois had become very womanly.

"I must look a fright," she said smugly.

LOIS was looking beautiful, and Charles knew she knew it. But Samson said, "It's not the time to be thinking of those things."

Lois looked a little put out.

Samson looked at his watch. "It's getting late," he remarked.

Charles pushed a chair to the bed and said, "Sit down, old man. You'll have a long wait. The doctor won't be here for two hours."

"Two hours?" Samson looked upset.

"It is hard to wait," said Charles, "to find out how ill Lois is."

"Yes, it is," agreed Samson. "But all she has is flu, even if she did faint so dramatically."

Lois smiled bravely.

"Lois," said Samson, "you know I am anxious about you, but I was right in the middle of that test . . . so perhaps I won't wait until the doctor comes. Lois, what are you doing?"

"She's crying," Charles said.

"What for?"

"Because she's so ill and you want to rush off and leave her all alone."

Samson stared malevolently at him. "There are three people here to look after her."

"They're not the one she wants."

Samson accepted this. "I know there's the emotional angle and a temperature exaggerates it. But, Lois, you were always so sensible."

"That's what you think," said Charles. "There are times when a girl doesn't want to be sensible."

"Lois," said Samson, "This isn't like you at all. You know how important the work is."

"More important than me?" quavered Lois. "You said it was very brave of me to come to work."

She buried her face in the pillow, but without disarranging her hair.

Please turn to page 33

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



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The Halo Wouldn't Fit

SAMSON looked anguished. "Lois, please! Don't go all feminine on me."

Charles said, "She can't help it! That's the way she's made. You'd better get used to it."

"That's a lot of nonsense," Samson barked. "Lois is the most level-headed person I know. She thinks like a man."

Lois said, "I do not." Samson opened his mouth to refute this, but Charles said, "I wouldn't argue with her, old man. Try tenderness."

Samson answered, "I don't know what your interest in this affair is"—he glared at Charles—"but I think it's you that's caused this weird change in Lois."

Lois lifted her face out of the pillow. "Oh, so I'm weird!" she said haughtily.

"I didn't say that," said Samson. "I know you're feeling low, but I must say you disappoint me. Isn't there a woman alive who's satisfied with one personality?"

"I don't know how you can think of work when I'm ill," Lois said reproachfully. "Charles wouldn't keep looking at his watch while his girl was dying."

Samson took a deep breath. "There you go again," he said ominously. He reached for his hat and jammed it on his head. "I'm leaving now, Lois. I'll ring up to see how you're getting on."

Lois did not answer. She closed her eyes and looked mortally wounded. When she opened them again only Charles was there.

"I think I overdid it," she said. "But fainting made me feel so female. And he carried me in his arms. It was very lovely, in a dim sort of way." She bit her lip.

"Apparently he didn't feel the same. You know something, Charles? I'm beginning to have a funny feeling about Samson."

"Yes?" said Charles very softly. "I don't think it would be much fun spending a lifetime with him." Charles did not speak. His silence was the sort that lures a timid bird from its bush to perch confidently on one's hand.

Continued from page 32

"I mean," said Lois slowly, "it's all very well for me to worship him, but if it's going to be one-sided it will be a strain. I couldn't leave him alone if he were ill."

Charles agreed, "If I were in his place, wild horses couldn't drag me from you."

Lois pondered.

"You're different, Charles," she said. "You know how to handle women. You'd make a marvellous husband. But I have my doubts about Samson. I mean, it's all very well getting on well in the lab, but what about the other hours? You know, Charles, I don't think I'm his type."

The words were familiar. He thought back and then recalled that Marguerite had said them the evening before.

"Go to sleep, Lois, and don't think about it," he suggested, knowing she would think deeply.

Charles waited until Lois woke from a long nap and then carried a glass of hot lemonade in to her. He wondered if she would repent her high-handedness with Samson once she started thinking clearly again.

"Did he phone?" she asked dryly. "Not yet," Charles said. "He's probably too busy."

"He'll always be too busy," said Lois flatly. She looked at him over the rim of the glass. "I had a dream about Samson. I had an awful attack of appendicitis, and I was being rushed off to hospital. Samson was with me, and he kept looking at his watch."

She smiled softly. Charles said nothing.

Lois continued: "He said, 'Lois, I'm disappointed in you. Couldn't you have had this attack when we weren't so busy?' And I said, 'Well, let's forget about it and go back to work.' So we did. I mean, we stopped the ambulance and we got out, and we told the driver to pick me up the next Sunday."

She went into a spasm of mirth. So Charles knew it was all over with Samson. Once a woman laughs



COLONEL A. C. R. WAITE

... studying export markets

RECENT visitor to Australia to study export market conditions for the Austin Motor Company, Colonel A. C. R. Waite was born in Adelaide 56 years ago. He served with the A.I.F. in the first World War, and while overseas married Irene, daughter of Herbert Austin, founder of the Austin Motor Company. He is now deputy chairman of the Austin Motor Export Corporation. Both in Australia and Britain, Colonel Waite rated the Austin Seven and was responsible for many of its outstanding performances.

so inordinately at her beloved's foibles, he is no longer her beloved.

"He didn't appreciate you at all," said Charles, promptly relegating Samson to the past. "Why, I had to point out to him that you were beautiful."

"You worked hard, Charles, I'm sorry it went to waste."

Charles was waiting, trying to think of some way of explaining that his work hadn't gone to waste at all, when a call from Marguerite came. When he returned Lois was absently reading the newspaper.

"That was Marguerite," he said. "Oh! You like her, don't you?"

Interesting People



MISS MARGARET VAILE

... hostess to Australians

HOSTESS and receptionist at Australia House in London, 30-years-old Miss Margaret Vaile has the official job of advising all-comers on accommodation problems, sight-seeing, transport, and other difficulties they might come up against. Born in Sydney, Miss Vaile was educated at Loreto Convent, Kirribilli, and during the war was a Second Officer in the W.R.A.N.S. Two years ago she went to England and, after touring Britain, took a position at Australia House. "It is grand to feel that one is giving Australians a real welcome to London," she says.

"She's a fine girl. Don't you want to know what she rang up for?"

"Well, what did she ring up for?" "She's been offered a part in a new revue. She wants us to help her celebrate."

"You go," Lois said weakly. "You'll have a good time."

"I don't want a good time," said Charles huskily. "I'd rather be with you."

This was not exactly his idea of a flowery declaration, but it seemed to have an effect. Lois' face whitened except for the rosy nose. "You know," said Charles heavily,



MR. RUDOLF PEKAREK

... to live with orchestra

PRAGUE-BORN Rudolf Pekarek brings thirty years' experience to his new work as permanent conductor of the Perth Symphony Orchestra. Says he is tired of travelling, wants to "live with his orchestra" for a while, and get to know them. Was permanent conductor of Prague Symphony Orchestra for nine years, then gave this up to found the Film Opera Konzert Orchestra, formed mainly to assist out-of-work musicians during the depression in 1933. In 1941 Pekarek was arrested by the Gestapo, worked four years in coalmines, then escaped and joined Czech Army of Liberation.

"the reason I was working so hard on you was to build you up for me. That Good Samaritan pose smelt a mile off."

Lois regarded him reflectively. "Charles, out of the kindness of your heart, would you care to go on working on me?"

Charles scowled. "Samson was right. You do pick the craziest times to catch things."

"Oh, are you going to be like that?" "I mean, how the devil can I kiss a woman who can't breathe through her nose?"

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over each other as Linda went on, "I got so scared, Saul, I came in and—found him like that, and then I heard someone coming up in the lift, and I dashed in here." She looked at me as though appealing for approval.

"Sure," I said. "I guess we'd better get the police." I moved over towards the telephone, but she was beside me with her hand on my arm, fear in her face.

"Saul, don't ring the police yet. Can't you see that it'll look bad for me? I was the only one here, Saul. I know I'm innocent and so do you, but you know what the police are like." I hesitated for a minute. She was breathing quickly and looking at me with a question in her eyes.

I wanted to get the cops as quickly as I could, but what Linda said made sense. The story sounded a bit screwy to me, but on the other hand I thought I knew Linda well enough to know she couldn't be implicated in a thing like this.

"Okay," I said. "I'll take you down."

Funny how all the panic dies out of you when you've got somebody to look after. I didn't feel a bit scared as I unlocked the door and, with Linda behind me, walked across to the reception room and out the front door.

The lift was still at the floor, so I slid open the door and we got in. We didn't see anybody as we got out of the lift at the ground, and I took Linda up to the corner and hailed a cab for her.

"Thanks, Saul. Thanks ever so much," she said through the cab window, and I waved and smiled as she drove off.

I walked down the side street and back into the building entrance. I was about to ring for the lift when I glanced up to the indicator and saw that it was on seven.

There was only one set of offices on the seventh floor, and that was Simpson's Agency. For a minute I waited undecided and then far up the wall I heard the lift door bang and the whine as it began to descend. I looked around the entrance lobby for somewhere I could watch without being seen. The stairs, that was it.

Continued from page 7

I reached the first floor just as the lift came to a stop at the ground. Making sure I was well within the shadows, I looked over the banister.

The lift door slid open and out walked a girl. I'd never seen her before in my life. She was tall and blond, and had a figure like a show-girl.

She walked over to the door and, looking quickly either way, hurried out into the street and disappeared from view.

I left the lift where it was and started walking up the remaining six flights to seven. It was inky black and silent as a tomb.

I stepped as lightly as I could up the concrete steps and tried to work it out, but the more I thought the less reasonable it all sounded.

Mike was a pleasant, harmless type of cove. Friendly, but maybe just a little reserved. He was a bachelor and to the best of my knowledge didn't have an enemy in the world.

I reached seven and pushed on the door. It was locked. I'd been with Simpson's long enough to know every typist in the place by her first name, and the tall, blond girl I'd seen walking out was certainly not a staff member. But she must have a key because the lock on the door is the type that only opens or closes with a key.

As softly as I could I inserted the key in the door and let myself in.

The door of the manager's office was slightly ajar just as I'd left it, and looking down the corridor I could see where Mike's hand protruded into the light. Everything seemed to be just as I'd left it five minutes before.

I walked into the manager's office, switched on the light, and rang the police.

Detective-Inspector Ashley had sandy hair which was getting thin, a round, red face and baby-blue eyes. He looked tired as he sat behind the big desk in the manager's office and asked me questions.

The photographers had been, the doctors had been, and now there were four or five detectives outside going

over everything for fingerprints and looking the place over generally. Old Simpson had been called in and was sitting in the chair opposite me, looking as calm and composed as he always was.

"Now, let's have it again if you don't mind," said Ashley, leaning back in the chair. "What time was it when you came in?"

"Approximately eight-thirty," I said.

"Hm," he said, checking the facts in his notebook. "And where did you see the girl?"

"From the first floor. I walked in, noticed the lift at seven, started to walk up the stairs, and then when I heard the lift coming down I looked over the banisters to see who was getting out."

"Why were you so particularly interested to see who was going out?"

"Idle curiosity, I suppose. Ours are the only offices on seven and I thought that I'd say 'Hello' to whoever it was working back."

"Wasn't it unusual for you to walk up the stairs when you could have caught the lift?"

"No. I often walk up the stairs. At night the cleaners use the lift and quite often they're not on automatic," Ashley said "Hm" again and made some notes in his notebook. "Then you came on up here, unlocked the door and found the body when you came in."

"That's right, and then I came straight through to this office and rang you from that phone," I said, pointing to the instrument at his elbow.

"You say you've never seen that blond girl before?"

"Never," I said.

"Looking down at her at that angle, could you be sure of that?"

"Yes, perfectly sure." He nodded and made some more notes.

"Now, just let's see if I've got this description right again. About five feet ten or eleven in her shoes. Blond, pretty figure. And that's about all you can give us?"

"Yes," I said.

"You didn't get much of a look at her face, then?"

"Only when she got out of the lift. I don't think I could describe her



"You say you rented a seat in a movie theatre and were evicted 12 hours later?"

exactly, but I think I'd recognise her again if I saw her. She was wearing a yellow dress and a small, tight-fitting green hat and black handbag and shoes."

"Okay, Mr. Anderson. We won't need you any more right now. We'd like you to be at your address; we'll probably want you again to-morrow."

I got up and walked to the door.

"Hold on, Saul," said old man Simpson. "I'll drop you. That is if you're finished with me, too, Inspector."

"Sure," said Ashley. "I'd like to see you in the morning, too, Mr. Simpson."

"What do you make of it, Saul?" said Mr. Simpson as we got in the car and drove off.

"I wouldn't have a clue."

"Poor old Mike didn't seem the type to be on the wrong end of a murder. Of course, I didn't see as much of him as you would, Saul, but to me he seemed a decent-looking quiet sort of guy. No trouble with women or anything like that, I guess."

"I wouldn't think so," I said. "He had a bachelor flat down at the Bay. Been out there for a beer or two once or twice. I've seen him around with a few girls, but from what I know of him, no serious entanglements."

"What about the blond girl?"

"It's got me beat. Never seen her before in my life, let alone with Mike."

Please turn to page 35

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SIMPSON put a note of finality into his voice. "Well, everything seems to point to her, but I wonder whether the police will pick her up."

I wondered too whether the police would pick her up. Unless she was a known criminal I doubted it very much on the meagre description that I gave them.

There were hundreds of girls around more or less as pretty, more or less as tall, and more or less as blond as she was.

It was all out in the morning papers. Headlines about the Advertising Agency Murder, a photo of me that they must have filed away from the time I won the advertising awards, and the whole gaff about the blond and how anxious the police were to question her.

I finished my coffee, left the paper on the kitchen table for Mrs. Hawkins as I always did, and left for the office.

The place was in a turmoil when I got there.

Ashley had taken over the manager's office and was questioning everybody from soup to nuts. There were plainclothes detectives all over the place. "Any objection to my using my office?" I asked of the nearest detective.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Anderson," I said.

"No, you can go in, they've been over your office with a fine-tooth comb."

I walked in and stood looking at my desk. They certainly had been over everything. I went over it all, sorted it out, and got a bit of order out of the chaos.

One of the detectives working on the sorting-out job strolled into the office. He nodded. "Sorry we got things in a mess," he said, "but we didn't know where to put everything back again after we'd taken it out."

"That's okay," I said.

"I hate this routine stuff," he went on.

"I guess you would."

"Say, what are these things, anyway?" he said, picking up a block off my desk and having a look at it. "They do all the printing from these, eh?"

"That's it," I said, and went through the usual routine explaining how it all worked.

"I'd better be getting on with it,"

Block Busted

Continued from page 34

he said, sliding off the desk and giving me the block he'd been handling. I looked at it. It was a Mason's block that hadn't been there before but must have been put there in the shuffle. Unthinkingly I slipped it into the top drawer of my desk.

Just then I got a call to present myself before Ashley.

"Well, they found the murder weapon," he greeted me as I walked into the office.

"Good," I said.

"Yes," he said. "That's it," and he indicated a ten-by-six-inch block on the corner of his desk.

"Handy kind of a murder weapon."

"Handy enough to crush Benson's skull right in at the base."

I nodded.

"Maybe you can help us here," he said. I nodded again. "Here's the set-up. The murderer, whoever he was, killed Benson with this."

While we were combing the place this morning we found it chucked in a big bin with a number of others. We found out that these were old blocks that were to be sent away as scrap metal.

"The only significance attached to it is that it proves the murderer handled the block while there was wet ink on it. Does that mean anything to you? Anything you can help us with there?"

"No," I said, shaking my head.

"The block could have been freshly inked for a number of reasons. To pull up a proof during the day or by being recently returned from a printer. Any number of reasons. When the ink lies thickly in the crevices of a plate it can stay wet for some time, probably days."

"Then there's nothing there."

"How about fingerprints?"

"Not a sign. All the prints lying around have checked with the office staff. We've printed the lot of them for that reason. Better get yours done when you go outside."

"Okay, but how did you decide that that was the block that did poor old Mike in?"

"We found minute traces of blood and some hair particles mixed with the ink. Most of it had been wiped off, of course. But he either didn't

have time or wasn't particular enough to make a thorough job of it."

"Well, I'd better go out and be fingerprinted," I said moving towards the door.

"Hold on a second, Anderson," said Ashley, getting up and walking towards the window. "Look, I'll be perfectly frank with you. For some reason or other this murder seems to be tied up in some way with the technicalities of the advertising and printing business. And my knowledge of it is absolutely nil. I've got a feeling that you didn't have anything to do with this killing, so I'd like you to stick around while the questioning is going on just to make sure everybody keeps his technical facts straight."

Ashley moved back to the desk and sat down. "Okay, Anderson," he said. "You operate from the secretary's office. Leave the door slightly ajar and listen as I question everyone."

I went into the secretary's office and sat down close to the door, which I left ajar a few inches. For the next two hours I sat and listened. First to old man Simpson, whom he called in again, then one by one to most of the staff, and finally to young Anthony Mason.

I might as well have been down at the corner having a drink for all the good it did.

I picked up my hat off the rack, and went out. I went down to the club, had a few beers, and tried not to think about anything. I was away about three-quarters of an hour I guess.

When I got back my phone was ringing insistently. I picked up the receiver. "Hello," I said. "Anderson speaking."

"Mr. Anderson?" the female voice sounded taut and strained.

"Yes, Anderson here," I said again.

"Mr. Anderson, I want to talk to you."

"Who's speaking?" I asked.

"You wouldn't know me, but my name's Dawn French." The voice sounded as though I would have liked to have known the owner of it, anyway. "The girl in the headlines in the papers," she went on. "The one you saw come out of the agency last night after the murder."

"Now listen, if this is some sort of a gag—"

"Don't be a fool," she spat back angrily. "I tell you I'm Dawn French, the girl the police are looking for. I didn't know whom to ring at police headquarters. I want to talk to the police, but it's got to be handled carefully. I want you to get the detective in charge of the case and bring him here. Don't make any fuss about it. Come separately." Her voice was gradually rising with excitement.

"Sure," I said, pulling a pad towards me. "I'll fix it. What's the address?" She gave it to me, and I wrote it down. "Would you mind repeating that again to make sure?" I said, but she'd hung up.

I snatched my hat from the rack and ran along the corridor to the office Ashley was in.

I pushed open the door. Ashley was talking to a fellow I recognised as the police doctor, and four or five others I didn't know.

"I've got to see you urgently," I said, urging him into the small adjoining secretary's office.

"Found a clue?" he asked sarcastically.

"The blond girl—the one I saw going out of the office the other night—just rang."

"Are you crazy?" he said.

"I'm telling you. It could be a hoax, but if I'm any judge, the lady who spoke to me is in dead earnest." He looked at me searching for a minute.

Please turn to page 36

That clear, smooth PEARS skin..

Great-grandma had it...



Babies have it...

YOU can have it too!

The simplest beauty routine in the world — just water and mild, pure Pears — will give you that clear, smooth Pears skin. No wonder Pears soap is a tradition with beautiful brides — like Mrs. Bruce Stewart (the former Dawn Dixon) of Roseville, N.S.W., pictured here on her wedding day. From the moment you breathe the gentle fragrance of fine ingredients patiently matured, you know that Pears is different from all other soaps.



From clear, pure Pears Soap... a clear, smooth Pears skin.

MARJORY CARTER BRINGS YOU ANOTHER "AEROPHOS" SPECIAL

ALMOND CHEESE CAKES

tasty

AFTERNOON TEA TARTS

A FAMILY FAVOURITE WHEN BAKED WITH SELF RAISING FLOUR containing "AEROPHOS"

6 oz. short or rough puff pastry
1 egg
3 oz. sugar
Essence almonds (3 drops)
1 extra white of egg beaten stiffly
1½ oz. coconut
Cake crumbs (2 tablespoons).

Line tartlet tins with pastry rolled thin. Beat egg and sugar, add coconut, crumbs and essence. Lastly fold in the stiffly beaten extra white of 1 egg. Bake in moderate oven 10-15 minutes. This should make about 14 patty tin tartlets.

One of Grandmother's favourites with added tenderness from using "Aerophos".

USE ONLY SELF RAISING FLOUR that contains "AEROPHOS"

the Double Acting RAISING INGREDIENT





PEGGY CUMMINS, star of the King Brothers-United Artists release, "Gun-Crazy", is one of Hollywood's loveliest stars in a close-up. Peggy never neglects her daily Luz Toilet Soap beauty care. Change to Luz Toilet Soap today. See just how quickly your skin, too, becomes lovelier, more glamorous — even before you're half-way through your first pure, white tablet.



Glad To Have Visitors —No More Dizzy Turns

It's easy to be the carefree hostess once those headaches and dizzy turns are stopped by the natural action of DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills. Poor kidney action often causes headaches, dizzy turns, loss of energy, backache, rheumatism, puffiness under the eyes. If you suffer from any of these symptoms, don't delay; get DOAN'S today. At Chemists and Stores all over the World.

DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS
Sole Proprietors: Foster-McClintock Co.
CHICAGO, ILL.

Block Busted

Continued from page 35

ASHLEY grabbed his hat and called out to the other detectives, "Be back later," and then hurried out to the lift with me.

In the police car I explained the whole situation and we agreed that we'd stop the car several blocks away and go up singly. It was arranged that I go first as I looked less like a cop than he did.

He borrowed an automatic from the detective in the front seat and pushed it in my hand. "You'd better take it. You probably won't need it, but you just might. Know how to use one?"

"I guess I'll learn quickly if I have to," I said.

The flat building was one of these establishments that go for small but expensive bachelor flats.

I caught the lift to ten—the top floor—and got out. Dawn French's flat was the one at the end of the corridor, at the back of the building. I knocked on the door and waited. There was no reply. I listened, but there was no sound of movement in the flat, so I tried the handle. It wasn't locked, and the door swung open easily.

It opened straight into the studio living-room-cum-bedroom of the apartment, and as I pushed it wide I saw on the floor in front of the chesterfield under the window the twisted figure of Dawn French.

She'd been killed the same way as Mike Benson.

I lit a cigarette, and, being careful not to touch anything, waited for Ashley.

He came up maybe two or three minutes after. "What the—?" he said, and knelt over the body of the blond girl. "Been killed within the last half-hour," he murmured as he got up and went to the phone.

As he waited for the number to answer he looked over to me and said, "You know, Anderson, I'm still convinced you didn't commit either of these murders, but on the other hand you could be awfully cunning."

"Of course," I said, "I'm the criminal type." He looked at me in speculative silence for a second or two. He was saved the necessity of a reply by the sound of a knock on the door.

Quietly Ashley slipped the receiver back on the hook and motioned me over behind the door. He joined me.

There was silence for a minute and then the knock was repeated. I made a move to open the door but Ashley put out a restraining hand. We waited again and then we saw the knob turn and the door quietly open.

Into the room a couple of steps advanced old Simpson.

He stopped dead as he saw the body, stood for a few seconds and then started to back towards the door.

Ashley slipped across blocking his exit.

"So you know the girl," he said. Simpson spun around as though he'd been shot at. His face was ashen and he looked as scared as I've ever seen anybody look, as his gaze rested for an uncomprehending second on Ashley and then swung to me. Slowly he relaxed.

"Thank goodness it's you. I saw the body over there," he said, pointing vaguely behind him, "and I thought maybe—"

"How did you know it was a body?" snapped Ashley. Simpson looked almost stupidly at Ashley for a second or two and said:

"Well—well, I assumed—. There was blood on the carpet," he said, turning around and pointing.

Ashley nodded shortly. "Do you know who that girl is?"

"Why, of course I do," said Simpson, slowly gaining his composure. "Her name's Dawn French."

"When did you see her last?" said Ashley shortly.

"Why, I don't rightly remember. Three or four days ago perhaps."

"What did you do with the weapon?" Ashley flashed at him.

"Surely, Inspector, you don't think I had anything to do with this."

"Well, what are you doing in the flat?"

"Why, I know Miss French."

"You know also that she's the girl we're looking for?"

"Looking for? What for?" Ashley turned away in disgust.

"Okay, we'll thrash it all out

later," and went over to the telephone and dialled police headquarters.

"It's making me dizzy," I said later in the afternoon as Ashley and I sat in the manager's office.

"How do you think it's making me feel?" he said, getting up and striding vaguely to the window. "Can't even get a line on a motive for either murder," he said.

"What about Simpson?" I asked.

"No motive for him either. His alibi almost checks. He went to his usual restaurant for lunch. The girl said she thought she remembered him being there, but couldn't be absolutely sure and couldn't establish any definite time."

"The French girl died just half an hour before we got there, but on the other hand the injury was such that she might have been unconscious for an hour before that."

"And nobody saw anybody go into or come out of her flat all morning?"

"That's it. So that brings us right up against a brick wall unless the boys find out anything about her private life. They're checking now."

"No lead on the paper?" I asked.

"No. Just half a sheet of good crown bond paper that you can buy at every stationers in the city. The top half was torn off and burnt in the grate. It could have been a letter to the milkman or a shopping list, or anything unimportant."

"On the other hand it could have been the note that would have solved the whole bag of tricks."

"That's right. That's what happens in fiction. In fact, it usually turns out the other way. But we'll never know now. Well, I'll be seeing you," he said taking his hat off the rack and walking over to the door. "Don't go too far away, you never know what might blow up."

The phone was ringing again as I got back to my office.

"The 'Express' here, Mr. Anderson," came a voice over the wire.

"Sorry, I haven't got any statement to make," I said.

"I'm not interested in whether you've got a statement to make or not. This is the 'Express' production department and we've got a

space booked for Mason's and no ad. It's getting near the deadline."

"Oh, okay," I said. "I'll send something down."

I hadn't the faintest idea what I was going to send. That was what I'd come back last night for—to do a Mason's ad, but with all the fuss and bother I hadn't given it another thought.

I was wondering vaguely what I was going to send when I suddenly thought of the Mason's block I'd put in the top drawer of my desk, the one the cop had picked up during the morning.

I pulled it out, checked to see if it would fit the space. It did, so I packed the boy off with it.

I decided to go across to Mason's myself and see Linda.

Mason's store was only across the street and around the corner from the agency.

The offices are right at the end of the store, and I knocked on the mahogany-panelled door marked Mr. Anthony Mason.

Linda, as his secretary, didn't have an office of her own. Her desk was in one corner of Mason's sumptuous office.

Mason raised his eyebrows when he saw me, but said affably, "Hello, Saul. What can I do for you?"

I could see Linda wasn't in the room and the typewriter had a cover on it so I didn't make any point of asking for her right then.

"Just dropped by to let you know that you've got an ad. coming out in the 'Express' to-morrow."

"Fine. Sit down and have a cigarette." I took one and lit it. "Anything new on the murder? They haven't located the blond girl?"

"Sure they located her—dead," I said.

"You don't say," he said, raising his eyebrows. "That's certainly a development."

"Yes," I said. "But it seems that nobody's nearer a solution." Just then the phone rang. Mason picked up the receiver, listened for a few seconds, and then said, "All right, I'll come right away."

Please turn to page 37

Banish IRREGULARITY

and build yourself UP without medicines

Nut-sweet Kellogg's All-Bran is a natural

LAXATIVE, HEALTH FOOD and BLOOD TONIC

Your health depends on what you eat every day. This natural, nut-sweet breakfast food stimulates and maintains daily regularity—as it builds you up! No medicines needed.

Kellogg's All-Bran is not a purgative, but a natural health food. That is good, because your health depends on what you eat . . . not on medicines.

For natural elimination there is nothing else like All-Bran. It supplies the

BULK your system needs every day—the vital bulk that is so often cooked out of our modern foods. The smooth-acting bulk in Kellogg's All-Bran helps prepare internal wastes for quick, easy and daily elimination.

Builds You UP

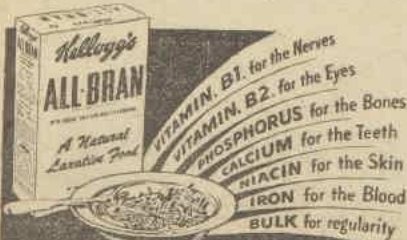
Kellogg's All-Bran is different from ordinary laxatives or purgatives in another way, too. It is an important source of Vitamin B₁ for the nerves, B₂ for the eyes, Calcium for the teeth, Phosphorus for the bones, and Niacin for the skin. That is why it helps to build you UP day by day as it relieves constipation. So change to Kellogg's All-Bran . . . effective, gentle, pleasant and safe.

Delicious This Way . . .

Just sprinkle Kellogg's All-Bran over your breakfast cereal. It has a tasty, toasted, nutty flavour.



You may prefer to eat it straight out of the packet with sliced fruit, milk and sugar. Or you can make it up into delicious cooked dishes (recipes on every packet). Ask for Kellogg's All-Bran to-day. Sold at all grocers.



Kellogg's ALL-BRAN ★

★ Registered Trade Mark

"Tired Blood" and Blemishes

Kellogg's All-Bran is a tonic for your blood—rich in iron. Richer than spinach. It helps keep your blood at its proper iron level. Does away with "tired blood" . . . cleanses away blood impurities as it cleanses out internal impurities. The iron in Kellogg's All-Bran protects your skin from ugly pimples and blemishes.



THEN turning to me he said, "There's rather an important sale on outside, pardon me for a few moments, Saul."

"Sore," I said. "I'll have a chat with Linda. Is she about?"

"Fraid not, Saul, she had to fly interstate last night to visit a sick aunt," he said as he went out the door.

That hit me right between the eyes. It seemed to add up now.

As I looked down vaguely at her desk something caught my eye. It was typewriting paper, a neat bundle of which was stacked beside her typewriter. Water marked on the top of the sheet I could plainly see crown bond.

I don't know why I did. You can buy crown bond at any stationer around the city. Ashley had said, but when I saw it, without the slightest compunction I began going through the drawers in her desk.

In the top drawer which had only been partially closed, on a folded piece of blotter—the kind you use for putting under your hand when you write—I saw a fingerprint. It was faint, but definite.

I got a cold sick feeling as all the doubts of the last few days crystallised in my mind into certainty.

The print could have been typewriter ink, of course, but, on the other hand, I had an idea it was printer's ink off the book that had killed Mike. Automatically I slipped the blotter into my pocket, and, without waiting for Mason to come back, I walked out of the office and through the shop.

When I got into the street everything seemed unreal. The traffic was going by, and the people were pushing and shoving past, but somehow it seemed as though I was a completely foreign entity just looking on.

"Linda," I thought. "What did you have to get in this mess for? What's the connection between you and Mike and the blond girl?"

Ashley was back in the office when I got there. I threw the blotter on the desk and pointed to the fingerprint.

He looked at it in a puzzled manner for a second or two, and then he said, "What's the score,

Block Busted Continued from page 36

Saul? Been doing a little private detective work?"

"No," I said. "I found that blotter in Anthony Mason's office. You will have to check it, of course, but I've a feeling it's printer's ink, and that it might be stuff that came off the block that killed Mike."

Ashley didn't seem very impressed, but he said, "Okay, we'll check it, Saul."

Well, that was that. I'd done my duty and delivered the evidence for what it was worth.

As I walked down the corridor I realised vaguely that somebody had been calling my name. I turned around and saw the switch girl. "Mr. Anderson, they've been calling you from the 'Express.' They'd like you to go down straight away. They said something about the Mason's block being no good."

"Okay," I said, and turned around and went out the way I'd come.

The compositor at the "Express" was pretty terse. "I don't know why you send these bad blocks down," he grumbled at me in greeting. "You know we've got schedules to keep, and we can't afford hold-ups. Here, have a look at this."

He slapped the Mason's block I'd

sent him down in front of me. "The plate won't sit flat on the mount. If I put that in that forme it'll throw the whole page out."

I picked the block up and looked at it. He was certainly right, for I could feel movement on the plate as I pressed on it with my fingers.

"Got a screwdriver?" I said. He handed me one. "We'll take the plate off and remount it if you can get me a new mount," I said.

"I guess I can have one cut for you," he grumbled. "But if you damage the block," he said, "don't blame me."

Carefully I levered out the studs holding the thin metal plate on the wooden mount, and, making sure I didn't bend the metal, eased the two apart. When I looked down at the smooth wooden surface which had been covered by the metal I gasped.

I heard the surprised voice of the compositor behind me.

"Listen, Ashley, you'd better get down here straight away," I said into the telephone.

"What for?" he answered, "where are you?"

"I'm down at the production department of the 'Express.'"

"Well, what's all the excitement about?"

"I've got a lead on the murder business."

"So have we. That fingerprint checked. What's on your mind?"

"Just that I've found one of Mason's blocks with a diamond the size of a pigeon's egg sealed in the mount."

"Okay, he right down," he said.

It was almost midnight when Ashley got the whole thing

straightened out. I was waiting for him in the office when he came in.

"Well, that's washed that up," he said, dropping into a chair with a sigh, and putting his feet up on the desk. "Old man Simpson's turned King's Evidence against Mason to keep clear of the murder rap. We've got an open and shut case against him. So that's what happens when thieves fall out."

"It beats me how they could have carried it on so long."

"It was a pretty cagy set-up," he said, lighting a cigarette. "If it hadn't been for Mike Benson they could have carried it on forever and a day. The French girl acted as pick-up agent for the big time jewel thieves, passed the stuff on to Mike, who hid it in the back of old blocks like you saw and stored the stuff till it cooled down. Then he sent it back to Mason's for recutting and sale."

"But what I can't understand is why old Simpson got into it," I said.

"You wouldn't ask that if you knew how much money there was involved in a racket like that. Anyway, it seems that Mike was hankering after a bit more of it than he was entitled to."

"The evidence isn't all sifted yet, but it's obvious that Mike and the blond were the ones with the connections. Mike had a set-up with a couple of refugee diamond-cutters with whom he was going to work, and intended pulling out on Mason."

"Mason's business hasn't paid since he took it over from the old man, Mike pulling out meant the end of everything for him. They apparently had a bitter discussion the night he was killed. Mason lost his head, and that was that."

"Then, of course, the blond wanted to by-pass a murder rap, and he had to fix her there."

"Who are you calling at this time of night?" asked Ashley wearily as he leaned his head back in his chair, and closed his eyes.

"Long distance," I said. "I know somebody who's got a sick aunt down that way."

(Copyright)



"Why are the girls all excited? It will just mean another collection for a wedding present!"

ANACIN STOPS 'FLU' FASTER



because it's
like a
doctor's
prescription

Anacin is just like a doctor's prescription for headaches, toothaches, neuralgia, colds, influenza, periodical pains, sciatica, lumbago and muscular aches and pains.

Like a doctor's prescription, Anacin Tablets and Powders contain not one, but a combination of four medically proven active ingredients. These ingredients combine to bring faster, longer lasting relief—without doing away with any undesirable after-effects. Whichever you prefer, Anacin Tablets or Anacin Powders—both stop pain faster. Get Anacin today and notice the difference.

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If Baby
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CHECK WITH
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effective . . . safe . . . hygienic
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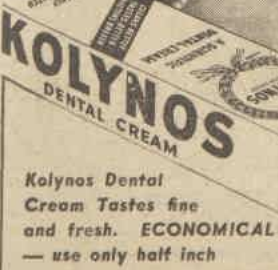


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Featured artist on
Columbia Records always uses Kolynos



Kolynos Dental
Cream Tastes fine
and fresh. ECONOMICAL
— use only half inch

Only KOLYNOS Fights— Tooth Decay these 3 ways...

1 Mouth Acids ELIMINATED.

Mouth acids causing tooth decay are immediately neutralized as amazingly effective anti-acid ingredients in Kolynos contact them. Same ingredients dissolve mucin plaque of film which you feel on your teeth before brushing them with Kolynos. Mucin plaque protects bacteria—lets them multiply.

2 Anti-Bacterial Action KILLS GERMS

Common bacteria, lactobacillus acidophilus odontolyticus produce tooth-decaying acid. Only Kolynos has certain germicidal ingredients deadly to these bacteria. Tests by famous North American and European Universities prove up to 92% of bacteria in-mouth are destroyed by Kolynos. This lasts for hours!

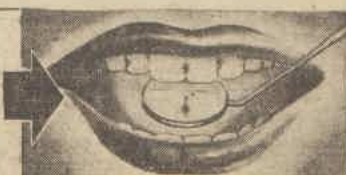
3 Penetrating FOAM CLEANS

Mouth-refreshing foam cleans out food particles missed by brush—applies Kolynos polish to tooth surfaces to delay re-formation of the mucin plaque. Same foam also carries Kolynos anti-acid and anti-bacterial ingredients direct to danger spots—actually cutting down main cause of tooth decay!

Lovely, healthy smile — characteristic of
every Kolynos fan!

TOOTH DECAY which may have been prevented

Look at an unsightly mouth . . . a painful, unhealthy result of tooth decay which might have been prevented by professional dental care and the use of Kolynos, the scientific dental cream, after every meal.



Originated
in Australia



Now used all
over the
world



Progressively
improved by
continued research



More than
2,000,000
bottles sold

depend on Lantigen 'B' THE PROVEN ORAL VACCINE

TO SMASH CATARRH

BRONCHITIS, SINUS & ANTRUM INFECTIONS, BRONCHIAL ASTHMA & RECURRENT COLDS

You've read about oral vaccines taken by mouth instead of by injection, and you've read about Lantigen 'B'—the dissolved oral vaccine that has brought benefit to many thousands who despaired of ever gaining relief from the misery of Catarrhal and Bronchial infections. These grateful ex-sufferers report that they are free from all symptoms, back on the job, active again, and restored to general good health. Many say they have gained long-lasting immunity. These very people have told their families, friends, co-workers, about Lantigen 'B', and, on the basis of their recommendations, Lantigen 'B' has become the most famous, most widely used and proven dissolved oral vaccine in the world... the preparation above all others which will give you benefit...

BE SURE YOU INSIST ON LANTIGEN 'B'

BECAUSE

immunisation.

Lantigen 'B' is the product of 14 years' unremitting research in fully equipped laboratories in Australia, England and Canada. The micro-biologists and doctors in charge of these laboratories are continuously investigating and incorporating in Lantigen any useful developments in oral vaccine

BECAUSE

Lantigen 'B' is a modern dissolved oral vaccine—it works faster.

Ordinary vaccines depend on the body's dissolving substances to release the germ-killing antigens they contain. In cases of infection the system is often too weak to carry out this work. But, in the case of Lantigen, which is a dissolved oral vaccine, the antigens are already in solution so that the weakest body can make use of them at once. No strain is placed upon the body cells and as soon as the dose is taken the antigens are available to do their work of inciting the creation of antibodies (the natural antidotes in the system) which neutralise the germ attack.

BECAUSE

Lantigen 'B' promotes immunity. Lantigen 'B' not only relieves Catarrhal and Bronchial disorders, but promotes immunity. What a wonderful thing to know that you can say good-bye to the symptoms of Catarrh and Bronchitis. Yes, after taking Lantigen 'B', users say: "Breathing eases, stuffed-up noses are freed, tight Bronchial congestion is soothed, heavy frontal headaches disappear, sleep is restful and refreshing, through the night coughing attacks no longer make life a misery." Best of all, Lantigen 'B' promotes immunity and wards off the return of infection, often for years.

BECAUSE

Lantigen 'B' provides a higher concentration of the germ-fighting antigens. The greater the concentration of antigens in the vaccine, the faster and the more successful will be the attack on the invading germs. Lantigen 'B' is skilfully and scientifically prepared from the most appropriate and widest range of virile cultures. It is absolutely standardised. It provides up to three times the concentration of antigens found in other oral vaccines on public sale.

HOW LANTIGEN 'B' WORKS

Just take a few drops of Lantigen in a little water as directed. No injections. No inconveniences.

Works through bloodstream

It is absorbed into the bloodstream through the mucous membranes of the mouth and throat, as well as through the villi in the small intestine.

Safe—No Drugs

Lantigen is perfectly safe for young and old. It contains no drugs or animal extracts. It

is guaranteed not to harm the heart nor impose strain on any other organ of the body. Nor does it interfere with other treatments.

Fast

It begins work to counteract the germ attack within seconds after being taken.

Economical

The recommended treatment costs less than 3d. per day. Little, indeed, for the benefits Lantigen 'B' can bring to you.

Ask your Chemist to-day for...

MEDICAL OPINION ON ORAL IMMUNISATION:

Dr. E. Cronin Lowe reports in the British Medical Journal of February 15, 1936, as follows: "In my experience the oral antigens have been mostly employed for cases of Catarrhal infections, Rheumatic conditions and Catarrhal Enterocolitis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."

And the Pickett Thompson Research Laboratories, London, writing in the same Journal, says: "... The advantage of the oral route of administration over the subcutaneous method is obvious."

CRYSTAL
CLEAR

★
FREE FROM
ALL
IMPURITIES

Lantigen 'B'

THE DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE

that's taken just like an ordinary medicine for

CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, BRONCHIAL ASTHMA, SINUS and ANTRUM INFECTIONS, RECURRENT COLDS

Product of Edinburgh Laboratories... 103 York Street, Sydney



BECAUSE LANTIGEN 'B'
contains up to
3 times the
concentration
of other oral
vaccines
on public
sale

COMPARE CONCENTRATION
AS SHOWN ON BOTTLE



BACTERIAL VACCINE
Each c.c. of this preparation
contains the dissolved antigens
of the following dissolved
micro-organisms—
Pneumococci 1,000 million
M. catarrhalis 1,000 million
Streptococci 1,000 million
Staphylococci 500 million
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This bottle contains 17 c.c.
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—Mrs. J.V.P. (Paddington, N.S.W.).

"... I suffered terribly from Asthma. I tried a great variety of medicines with only temporary relief until I found Lantigen 'B'. Now I am able to enjoy Bangkok with my family...
—Mrs. W.H. (Bangkok, Siam).

"... I have taken Lantigen 'B' now for a week and had there is a general improvement in my health. I sleep better and breathe more easily."
—Mrs. G.R.L. (Dunstable, Bermuda).

"... I have been suffering Bronchitis and Catarrh for the last twelve years. Last year after two bottles of Lantigen 'B' I have been free and able to work right through."
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—Mrs. J.K. (Manly, Qld.).
(Original letters may be inspected on our files.)



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
KNITTING BOOK
Only 1/6

ARIES (March 21 to April 20): Your best aspects are from August 6 to 8. The days prior to this tend to be unreliable, and you will be wise to use care in all matters that have a risk attached to them. Your good days benefit matters close to your heart.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): August 4 is your adverse day this week, and August 6 your most favorable. Domestic affairs could occupy a good deal of your time, so use your talents to the best advantage in matters relating to the home. Renovate some clothes, try out some new recipes, entertain friends, or move if necessary.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): August 5 is your adverse day this week and August 7 and 8 your best. Use your good days for intellectual or social activity, meetings, discussions, agreements, or matters dealing with family and relatives.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Your most favorable cycle starts from August 6, and for three days you could do much to improve your personal affairs. Income or financial prospects generally may look up or some original ideas may prove happy and successful.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 5, 1950

As I Read the STARS

By WYNNE TURNER

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Pleasant conditions are building up for you, with important happenings from the week-end. Choose August 9 for your luckiest day, and don't forget that personality and initiative will get you most things this week.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Move cautiously until after the week-end. Don't put too much trust in others or commit yourself to contracts or agreements. Monday, August 7, is your best day, when some unexpected news could swing things in your favor.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Until after August 5 be careful in all personal affairs. Watch friendships and don't be influenced against your better judgment. Your best cycle starts from August 6, when many of your expectations could be realized.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): August 4 and 5 are not your best days, but August 6, 7, and 8 are quite good, especially for business or new enterprise. Push all your career projects during your good days, for promotion is at hand.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Don't plan important things until after August 5, for you could strike some hidden snag. Your luck and judgement will be far better from August 6 to 8.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): August 6 seems your most dependable day this week. Most things started this day should have good results, especially where your interests are dependent upon another, or where you need the co-operation of a partner or co-worker.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): August 4 could be a difficult day for you, if you don't use extra care in marriage or partnership affairs. August 6, 7, and 8 are very bright and denote happiness and progress, also beneficial results to any agreements or contracts.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): August 8 is your best day this week, and August 4 your most unreliable. Work and health may need a little care until August 6, when you may plan with confidence, for the stars have several helpful and interesting aspects for you.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.

Mr. PHILIP WIRTH

Ringmaster of Wirth's Circus, says:—

"Small's Club Chocolate gets top billing from me."

Famous Wirth's Circus was founded over 70 years ago by Mr. Philip Wirth's father and three uncles. The Circus has been on two world tours . . . has survived earthquakes in New Zealand and a flood at West Wyalong, N.S.W. "The Greatest Show on Earth" owns over 60 wild animals . . . even has its own Zoo. There are more people working on the labour staff now than there were in the whole Circus when the show first started. These days it takes a special train half a mile long—longer than two Melbourne expresses—to move Wirth's Circus from one town to another.



"Chocolate experts have told me that the louder the snap the better the chocolate," says Mr. Wirth. "Well, take it from me, Small's Club Chocolate snaps with a crack like the lion-tamer's whip. It's the quality chocolate with that not-so-sweet flavour. I give it top billing every time."

Small's
make
Great Chocolate



AT WORK

"NO SMOKING ON MY JOB - DOESN'T WORRY ME. I CHEW JUICY FRUIT."

*Chewing Juicy Fruit eases nervous tension—helps you relax—especially when working under strain. Enjoy delicious Juicy Fruit every day.

THE PERFECT HOSTESS

Completely detailed plans for parties. Plans that are practical, easy to follow, and which make entertaining at home a delight, are given in "COOKERY FOR PARTIES." The food schemes delight the eye and please the palate, but are definitely not expensive. "COOKERY FOR PARTIES" should be in every home. At all newsagents and bookshops—5s.

JERRY was having fun and he actually did salvage some surprisingly good things, and, as usual, Jean found it was impossible to resist him.

Gradually she began to drop the role of critical bystander. To get a line on current prices, she subscribed to a collectors' magazine; she borrowed books on old glass and furniture from the library in town, chummed up with local dealers and cast speculative eyes on the heirlooms of their friends and relatives.

"How old is your great-aunt Maria?" she asked Jerry one evening.

"Eighty-nine or ninety. Why?"

"Maria's house, I recall, is simply crammed with treasures," Jean said.

"So is the mint."

Jean said, "You know, Jerry, sooner or later we'll have to spend some money if we're going to stock a shop. Maria's is as good a place to start as any other."

She continued to worry this theme until Jerry finally gave in.

Aunt Maria's residence, set back off the road, was square and uncompromising-looking. There was no sign of life within as Jerry banged the gangrenous brass knocker.

"Deaf as a laddock and stubborn as a mule," Jerry fumed. "I tell you, Jean . . ."

The bolt slid back, the portal creaked open an inch and a pair of beady black eyes peered out.

"Don't have to wreck the house," croaked the old lady in some asperity. "If you're selling, I'm not buying and vice versa."

"Sorry, Aunt Maria," Jerry apologised. "It's me, Jerry Lane, your nephew, and Jean. You remember us?"

"Hm," said Aunt Maria, sniffing audibly, and opening the door a few more inches. She was not more than five feet tall, and straight as a little ramrod. With her pure white hair parted severely in the middle and the knitted shawl over her shoulders, Aunt Maria had obviously stepped directly from a daguerreotype.

"Against my better judgment, you can come in," she decided finally. "But don't stay. I'm about to eat."

The living-room into which she now led them obviously encompassed all of the old lady's activities. It was vast and high-ceilinged, and the lines had the grace of a bygone era. It was also cluttered with furniture and completely dominated by an ugly potbelled stove jutting out into the middle. On top of this monster an odorous brew steamed audibly.

"Smells good," said Jerry, gravitating instinctively towards the pot whose lid he fingered. "Beef stew?"

"Stungullion," said Aunt Maria. "It's good and you can't have any." She plumped down in a rocker and watched Jerry with suspicion. "Keep off the Adam's," she screeched as he deployed in the direction of that furniture. "Ladderbacks won't hold you, either. Set on the couch. You've gone to flesh since I last saw you, Nevvie."

"Nonsense," said Jerry indignantly.

"It's my cooking," said Jean, trying to shout and sound complacent at the same time.

She patted the horsehair sofa—a gesture entirely lost on Jerry who suddenly got down on hands and knees to peer under a gateleg table.

"What's the man want under there?" Aunt Maria inquired sharply.

"He must have dropped something," Jean screamed. In a firm, low voice she said: "For heaven's sake, Jerry, behave yourself and stop wolfing everything in the room."

"But, darling, it's all priceless," he replied, seating himself beside Jean as the old lady rose to agitate her stew. "Look at that table and the desk—ain't that a Governor Winthrop?"

Mr. and Mrs. Ali Baba

Continued from page 9

"Course it is," said Aunt Maria. "Belonged to your great-great-grandfather Endicott Lane."

Jean and Jerry jumped guiltily. While they had been surveying the room, Aunt Maria had slipped on an old-fashioned hearing aid. The small, cameralike box now snapped peevishly on the table before them.

"Let's stop this fiddle-faddle, Jerry Lane," she continued, crossing her arms. "It's five years since you came to call. The Lanes never turn up unless they're after something. What's your business with me? Speak up."

Jerry cleared his throat and took the plunge.

"Well, you see it's like this, Aunt Maria. Jean and I have recently started in antiques."

"And what makes you think I want to sell anything?" she inquired.

"But you have so much stuff," Jerry stammered. "I mean so many pieces. Look at all these chairs."

"I do, often," said the old lady. "There's somebody a-settin' in each one of 'em and that," she added warningly, as Jerry was about to give Jean a significant nudge, "ain't as crazy a remark as it sounds." Aunt Maria leaned forward and some of the tartness left her face. "This is all I've got left. These sticks and the memories of the folks who used them."

The sedate ticking of the grandfather clock was the only sound in the room for a moment. Then Jerry said, softly contrite: "I didn't think of it that way, Aunt Maria."

"Neither of us did," said Jean. "We wouldn't disturb your memories for the world, Aunt Maria. We're sorry . . ."

"Sit down, sit down," said the old lady as they got up to go. "I'm not finished. You couldn't trouble my memories if you tried. As for the furniture, Nephew is right. There's a lot, too much and what is it anyhow—wood, horsehair, cane? No good to me."

WITH curiosity Aunt Maria eyed them. "News travels, don't it? All of it goes, the whole kit and kaboodle except my personal doodads. House, too. I'm not going to have a parcel of distant relatives yanking and squabbling over my things when I'm laid out. Not Maria Lane."

"But what will you do, Aunt Maria?" Jean inquired anxiously.

The old lady had an answer for that, too. She would move in across the street with her cronies, Mrs. Caldwell, a mere child of eighty.

"That's that," she concluded. "Now about you two. What makes you think you're an antiquer, Jerry Lane—one of the forty thieves? How'd you fall in with these pirates?"

"Well, it was sort of accidental," Jerry admitted with a smile. "Jean sent me to the dump," he began. He told his story and told it well.

"Damp picking? Shades of our ancestors, maybe you are a Lane after all, despite the nonsense of your bringing up. Got any cash?"

"Not much," Jerry replied. "Not nearly enough to buy all your things."

"Hold on there, young man," said the old lady. "I don't recall saying you could buy any of my bric-a-brac. Just said I was going to sell. Got to know more about you first. To my knowledge—and I keep track—you've been in and out of a dozen things. How do I know you deserve to be encouraged in this latest?"

"You'll just have to trust me, Aunt Maria," Jerry said humbly. "Or try me out."

"Any nincompoop can spend money," Aunt Maria reminded him sharply. "It's how you buy and how you sell that counts in trade."

"Says he wants to be tried out,"

she observed, more to herself than to them. "Seems reasonable. Let him try. Tell you what, Nevvie. You go out and buy something; then sell it. Prove to me you can turn a real profit on the deal, and maybe we'll dicker over my stuff."

"You mean you'll give us first crack—?"

"That's what I said. Mind you, I know what my antiques are worth and you won't get 'em cheap, even if you are kinfolk, and you don't get 'em at all unless you prove to me you know your business. Give you thirty days to do just that, and by a real profit I mean double your money. Now, what do you say?"

"It's a deal," Jerry cried. "Fair enough, hey, Jean?"

"Wonderful," she said, her eyes shining. Then a worrisome thought struck her. "But, Aunt Maria, we're starting on a shoestring. If we do satisfy you we can't possibly pay cash for all of your things at once."

"Don't have to," said the old lady. "Satisfy me you know what you're doing and you won't have to pay for any of my knick-knacks until you resell 'em." She sniffed. "Drat! My slum's burning. Now git."

Jean and Jerry did not dare speak of their good fortune until they were again safely in the car.

"Light one for me, quick," he said as Jean fumbled for the cigarettes. "What a break, darling!"

"Fabulous," Jean agreed.

"Even paying what she wants for her stuff, we can turn it over to dealers for enough to get us through the winter and ensure a real start in the spring. You just don't find a houseful like that any more."

"Nice work," Jean said cautiously, "if we get it."

"We'll get it all right. We've got to. But thirty days isn't much. It's September and the summer trade is gone. A dealer will have to be the buyer for our item, and they're tough."

"Never mind the buyer, yet," said Jean. "First comes the item. Where do you suggest we start, Jerry?"

"We'll just have to get into another old house and steal something," he decided, and on this premise they immediately embarked.

The entree, with their mutual charm, was not difficult. However, some years ago a pioneer dealer named Blake had claimed this territory for his own and gone through it with a fine-tooth comb. What he left either wasn't worth taking or the owners had such exaggerated notions of value as to make a quick, profitable turnover impossible.

By the end of the first week, Jean and Jerry had acquired a few dishes, some glass, a batch of Victorian monstrosities, and a spinning wheel; none of it of consequence.

"We'll have to cover the auctions, I guess," Jerry said, "and pray that an exceptional piece gets put up on a rainy day with no dealers around."

Every other dealer in the country seemed to have the same notion. The rainy-day auctions were more lavishly attended than the sunny. Each piece with promise was bid sky-high.

In sheer desperation, towards the end of a fortnight, Jerry bought an old pine cupboard and dragged it home against Jean's protests. It was bulky, it was battered, and multitudinous coats of scabrous paint shrouded it.

"A thing of beauty and a joy forever," said Jerry calmly, in answer to her objections.

"You don't have the faintest idea that this is it, do you?" Jean inquired. "Why, every dealer there cackled when you paid so much for it."

"Who cares?" said Jerry. "I wanted it and I bought it for something to work on in odd moments."

Please turn to page 41

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Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To Use Home Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—

"Anyone can use this simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. The ingredients can be made up at any chemist's at very little cost. Just go to your chemist and ask him for Olex Compound. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. Apply the Olex Compound to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

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Nixoderm

For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

Mr. and Mrs. Ali Baba

Continued from page 40

INTERMITTENTLY, depending on his mood, Jerry picked at the thing with paint remover, with glass, and razor blades. Little by little the soft, mellow wood emerged from the camouflage, but the going was slow and painful.

"What we need is an electric sander," Jerry decided and forthwith purchased a second-hand one. Towards the end of the month he finished and set it up on the porch.

"Not bad," Jean said, surveying it critically. "Do you think it will sell?"

"Eventually, to the right party. Next summer, without a doubt."

"But next summer will be too late," Jean reminded him. "We've only five days to Maria's deadline. Oh, Jerry, I'm afraid we've lost."

With every passing hour Aunt Maria's Winthrop desk, her piecrust tipple, the Adams chairs and Staffordshire china became less and less attainable.

When Aunt Maria refused to grant the slightest extension in time, Jean knew in her heart that they were licked. Jerry knew it, too, but he kept trying.

He was off scouring the countryside with only forty-eight hours to go, when a horn sounded in the yard. It was a blustering late fall morning with bitter rain and a cutting wind blasting the last of the leaves from the trees. Jean and the boys all had colds. The summons therefore brought her no further than the upstairs bedroom window.

Reluctantly Jean pried up the window and called: "Hello. What do you want?"

"This an antique shop?" a man shouted above the storm.

"It will be," Jean screamed back, adding a cautious "maybe" to herself. "We're not open yet."

"Want to sell that cupboard?"

"Sure," said Jean, hope leaping within her.

"How much?"

Jean tried to recall the figure on pine cupboards, but it escaped her.

"Well?" said the man impatiently.

Wildly Jean grabbed the first reasonable price that came into her head and tossed it out into the storm.

"A . . . seventy-five," she called.

There was a brief consultation within the car.

"Sold," cried the man and by the time she had thrown on a dressing-gown and descended, he was standing on the porch, cheque in hand.

"I'll pick it up next week. Give you a chance to clear the paper. Made it out to cash," he concluded and dashed back to the car.

When Jerry returned that afternoon, he wore a look of satisfaction.

"Good day, darling?" Jean inquired, kissing his cheek.

"Very fair," he said. "Not bad at all, in fact," he added loftily.

"Ditto," said Jean, the cheque burning her fingers in the pocket of her jacket. "What went with you, first of all?"

"I'll keep," he said, lighting his pipe with aggravating deliberateness.

Jean spluttered. "Out with it."

"All in due time, my love," he purred. "You will recall my purchasing a certain relic in pine, against the better judgment of my little wife?"

"You sold it?"

"Yes, to our arch enemy and fellow dealer, Blake."

"Why, darling, that's wonderful. How much?"

"Forty dollars. Better than double the money," Jerry dropped his pose with that. "Get Maria on the phone. Tell her to pack. The Lanes are coming . . ."

"I hate to be a wet blanket, Jerry," she said, "and it's grand that you sold the cupboard, but we have to look at the record a minute. The piece cost sixteen dollars. You worked approximately twenty hours on it. Figuring labor at a dollar

an hour, the cupboard stands us thirty-six dollars without—"

"But I didn't punch a time clock on that thing," Jerry interrupted. "I worked on it in my spare time."

"All your time is spare, Jerry, but we simply have to figure a labor charge in the costs of production. So, thirty-six dollars without the sander which you bought solely to use on that item and which set us back thirty-nine bucks. Total, seventy-five dollars or a net loss on the cupboard of thirty-five. Yes? No?"

"No," said Jerry, when he had recovered from a moment of speechlessness. "You can't do this to me, Jean. Not after the way I've slaved, the miles I've covered . . ."

"Paint remover, two gallons at three dollars a gallon," Jean interrupted. "I forgot that and gas and oil to and from the auction, say three dollars more."

Jerry gave a long sigh of final defeat. "Okay, you win. I'll call Auntie and tell her we're throwing in the towel."

"It might be a better idea," Jean corrected him, "to call Blake and tell him the deal is off, that the cupboard isn't for sale."

"Why isn't it for sale?" Jerry inquired, puzzled. "We might as well salvage something out of this anyway."

"It's not for sale," Jean continued patiently, "because I sold it this morning while you were gone." She held out the slip of paper she had been fingering all this while.

Jerry gazed at the cheque. Then he gasped. "A hundred and seventy-five dollars? For the pine cupboard, that termite haven?"

"In the words of my lord and master, a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

"But . . . but . . . Why, you bandit!" Jerry stuttered in his excitement. "And who is this character who signs himself 'J. Mortimer Willoughby'? If he's not a fugitive from the madhouse, he'll stop payment when he sobers up, and have us up for extortion."

Jean was adamant. "Oh, no, he won't," she said. "He wrote the cheque with his own little chubby hand and without coercion. Is it my fault if he didn't understand me on account of the rain and my laryngitis? I distinctly said seventy-five."

The larger significance of this miracle struck Jerry then. "That does it, baby!" he cried. "We're in. Figuring in everything including the kitchen sink and there's still enough profit here to convince a bank president. My darling . . ."

"Why, Jerry," said Jean presently in a very small voice. "All I did was mumble from the upstairs window. You did all the work."

"Keep right on mumbling, we'll make a fortune yet," Jerry beamed. He sprang to the phone. With his hand on the instrument, however, he paused. "Just for the record, what was the idea of putting me through all that song and dance? Why didn't you bust out with this when I first came in?"

"I tried, darling," she reminded him, "but you wanted to play tired mogul. Besides, like Aunt Maria, I had to be sure you're really Ali Baba, the honest man, and not one of the forty thieves."

Jerry raised his eyebrows at that. "You still believe that honesty is the best policy, even in the antique business?"

"Why, of course, dear," said Jean innocently.

Jerry glanced at the cheque. "And they call it a man's world," he murmured, to nobody in particular.

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English aristocracy plans prestige films

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

The English aristocracy has invaded the film business. The Earl of Southesk—a cousin of the King—and his son, Lord Carnegie, have formed a new production company called Carnegie Films.

THEY launched it in style at a reception in the gilded Marie Antoinette Room of Mayfair's Ritz Hotel. Young Lord Carnegie, short, fair, rosy-cheeked, was host. He is 20, and his full name is Lord James George Alexander Bannerman Carnegie, heir to the Dukedom of Fife. His father married Princess Maud, younger daughter of the late Princess Royal.

Little Lord Carnegie fidgeted and blushed between his two stars—the lovely, pale, languid Anouk and the jaunty, vivacious Anne Vernon, also French, whom you may remember from a starring role in "A Warning To Wantons"—as the flashbulbs dazzled him. The two are the first stars he has signed up for the new company.

It's a promising start. He stole Anouk from under the nose of Herbert Wilcox, who had planned to star her opposite Michael Wilding in "Rendezvous in Cannes." Instead, Anouk will travel with Carnegie's company to the French Riviera, where they will set down almost next to Mike Wilding's location unit to make "Dangerous Meeting." This film is an adaptation of Elizabeth Vernon's dramatic novel, "Without Armour."

A granddaughter of Lord Tenby-

son, Mrs. Irene Saville, is also an executive of the company, whose blue-blooded board plans to make two British "prestige" films a year.

Fur-clad, bejewelled, and smart, Mrs. Saville sipped a cocktail and watched the pressmen milling around young Carnegie. "We aim to make our pictures in Jamaica," she said. "They have built huge studios there, and the facilities for film-making are fantastically good."

"First, you get only about two weeks' bad weather a year. The lot—once an airbase—covers 750 acres of ground. It was bought, lock, stock, and barrel, from the United States Government. There are 88 lovely homes there, complete with furniture, fit for film stars to live in."

"It's entirely self-contained. There are swimming-pools, and an ice plant producing 100 tons of ice a day. One swimming-pool holds a million gallons of water."

Kingswood Films, who are starting up these big studios out there, will lease the studios to Hollywood and British companies like ours which are looking for full facilities for making films. There are no dollar and sterling problems for the backers to worry about. Films are financed half in sterling, half in dollars.

"Jamaica looks like becoming an Anglo-American film capital."

At the party the Marie Antoinette



FRENCH FILM ACTRESSES Anouk (left) and Anne Vernon photographed with Lord Carnegie, vice-chairman of Carnegie Films, at the reception given at the Ritz Hotel, London. Anouk and Anne have co-starring roles in "Dangerous Meeting," the first production of the recently formed company.

Room of the Ritz was packed with perspiring socialites, film columnists, movie executives, photographers, and actors.

The guest of the evening—Anouk—was late.

Finally I spied her. She put an almost ghostly face around the corner and eyed the reception from the cover of a palm. She looked scared.

Only when the photographers closed in on her and Lord Jamie Carnegie and shepherded them into a corner did she assume the professional poise and the gay smile of a seasoned celebrity. I ploughed through a mass of guests and small talk to get to them.

Lord Carnegie was explaining that

he wasn't a filmdom; that grooming film stars and producing films was just a hobby. What he really likes doing is breeding prize bulls. He has just been demobbed from the Scots Guards, in which he served as a ranker in Malaya.

"Had to do a lot of footslogging in Malaya," said his lordship. "Jolly rough, some of it, too. I had twenty-one months in the ranks altogether—never got above lance-corporal."

"Come back on the same ship as a lot of the film people who had been making 'The Blue Lagoon.' That's how I became interested in making films." He looked up and flashed a shy smile.

Carnegie went to the same school,

Gordonstoun, as the Duke of Edinburgh. He is an intimate of the Royal Family, and had this to say of the baby Prince Charles: "Last time I saw Charles he just snorted at me!"

Lord Jamie Carnegie won't enter the active side of film producing. "I expect I'll do most of my work on the business side. I don't suppose I'll have much to say about what films we actually make—leave that to the fellows who know about it."

Anouk and Anne Vernon will share a leading man—as yet unnamed—between them. Anne Vernon made an air dash from Hollywood to London for the party after completing her latest American film, "Shake Down."

At last I can lift my arms above my shoulders thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids



Read what this man says:

"Before taking Menthoids I had been going down hill for 12 months. Maddening pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arms above shoulder level and was completely listless and depressed. A friend recommended Menthoids and, within a week, I rapidly began to gain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day I feel 10 years younger . . ."

How the Menthoid treatment acts

Get a flask of Menthoids to-day and let the Menthoid treatment rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling, that loss of energy, those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful vigour. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a tried and proven family treatment for the painful ailments that cripple thousands of otherwise healthy people every year. Menthoids exert their cleansing tonic action on Kidneys, Bladder and Bloodstream.

Start a course to-day of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

If you are suffering constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney or Bladder Weakness, Backache, Sciatica or Lumbago, get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids
6/6 and 3/6 everywhere

Get quick relief from

backache
rheumatism
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lumbago
headaches
dizziness



Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment for cleansing your body of the poisons that cripple you.



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OINTMENT
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I should like details of your studies in:

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Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian ser-
vant, with lovely

PRINCESS NARDA: Riding flying
seeds, are escaping from Flora,
land of plant wonders which is at
war with the State of Mechana.
Florian soldiers chase them as far

as the chasm marking the border.
A weird machine appears, speeds
up to them, follows as they drift to
the ground, and televises their
progress. Far away, the photo-
electric eye of a complicated
machine watches. NOW READ
ON;



MANDRAKE, NARDA AND LOTHAR EXPLORE MECHANA.
IT IS A GRIM LAND... NO LIFE IS VISIBLE: WE COULD
BE ON THE MOON, SHUDDERS NARDA. NOT EVEN A BIRD,
OR FLOWER. "NOTHING BUT THE STRANGE MACHINE
THAT FOLLOWS THEM--WHICH THEY'VE
NAMED 'JOE'."



"I'VE GOT FOND OF JOE, EVEN IF HE ISN'T TOO
FRIENDLY," SAYS MANDRAKE. --THE GROUND
SHAKES UNDER THEM, AS THOUGH FROM THE
VIBRATION OF MIGHTY ENGINES.



BUT BEYOND THE HILL, THEY SEE SOMETHING!
AN APPARENTLY ENDLESS BELT, COMING OUT OF
THE GROUND, CARRYING CHAIRS, MOVING OVER A
FLAT PLAIN, AS FAR AS THEY CAN SEE.



"WE ARE SURFACE TRAVELLERS, AND WE WANT TO GO
TO THE CITY--WHEREVER THAT IS, HOP ON!" CRIES
MANDRAKE. --"THIS IS BETTER THAN THE PLANT
TRAIN. YOU CAN SIT DOWN," EXCLAIMS NARDA--
"JOE" TAKES TO THE AIR, FOLLOWING THEM.



THEY TRAVEL FOR HOURS ON THE MOVING BELT,
ACROSS A DESOLATE PLAIN. AHEAD, THEY
SUDDENLY SEE THE OTHER END OF THE ENDLESS
BELT. THEY HOP OFF IN A HURRY!



"WHERE IS THE CITY?" CRIES NARDA. --THE AIR
IS FILLED WITH THE HUM OF MIGHTY ENGINES, BUT
THEY SEE NOTHING, ONLY FLAT LIFELESS EARTH.
"SPOOKY!" SAYS LOTHAR, SHIVERING.



"HEY, JOE'S DESERTING US,
EXCLAIMS LOTHAR, AS
THE STRANGE MACHINE
TAKES TO THE AIR,
SUDDENLY -- THE
LAND TILTS --



MANDRAKE PULLS NARDA TO SAFETY JUST IN
TIME -- AS THE GROUND OPENS LIKE A VAST TRAP
DOOR. THEY STARE AT THE TERRIFYING CHASM
AND THEN AT SOMETHING MORE AMAZING --



TO BE CONTINUED



Taste

these big
whole almonds
coated with rich milk
chocolate!



They look different in their
charming orange and black
box--gay with almond
blossom--and they are
different--Mac Robertson's
Scorched Almonds.

**Scorched
Almonds**



Taste

this delicious
assortment of 12
fine-quality chocolates!



The only chocolate block
with these four centres--
Strawberry Cream, Cream
Caramel, Fruit Sundae and
Turkish Delight.

"Snack"



Taste

their
creamy caramel,
fresh peppermint flavour!



Here's a delicious flavour
combination... a "chewy"
peppermint centre with a
rich caramel coating. Look
for the blue and white box
with the Chinese Willow
pattern.

**Willow
Mints**



All made by

MacRobertson

The Great Name in Confectionery

Are WIND and SUN HARD ON YOUR SKIN?

Read how this practical, time-saving
HOME BEAUTY TREATMENT
gives outdoor girls a lovely skin



This is important news for girls who love the outdoor life, but find that their skin is not standing up to the coarsening, drying effects of sun and wind. You can keep your skin looking really lovely with this widely-used home beauty treatment. It's the kind of skin care you could spend hours on at expensive Beauty Salons, but now so easy to do yourself.

What you do is give yourself a quick beauty-facial every night with Skin Deep Facial. It takes only a few minutes in your own home. This entirely new kind of facial cream is winning almost fanatical devotion from those who find out about it.

The important feature of Skin Deep Facial is that it nourishes the deep under-skin; you can tell this at once by the surprising way it goes right into your skin. No elaborate massage is needed; scientific tests have proved that the skin soaks up 87% more Skin Deep Facial than the average face cream! Skin Deep Facial carries deep into the skin the vital things it needs to keep young-looking.

Just smooth this life-giving beauty cream lightly over your face and neck every night at bedtime. Skin Deep Facial is so nice to use because it disappears into the skin quickly and doesn't leave a greasy layer on the surface. And so refreshing! All the tiredness and tautness leave your skin at once.



Skin Deep
FACIAL

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If toothbrush warns of bleeding gums

Look out! You may have

PYORRHEA

4 out of 5, regardless of age, may have it.

Dreaded Pyorrhea—natural enemy of beautiful teeth and healthy gums—is no respecter of persons. 4 out of 5 may get it!

Neglect may lead to soft, spongy gums and loosening teeth. So start taking better care of your teeth and gums. See your dentist. Then, at home, massage gums and brush teeth twice daily with Forhan's—the only toothpaste with the special anti-Pyorrhea astringent of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.



Forhan's
DOES TWO JOBS—CLEANS TEETH, SAVES GUMS

The only toothpaste with the special anti-Pyorrhea astringent. Price 1/10. Extra large tube, 2/9. A/Asian Agents: Sheldon Drug Co. Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Stars return to home studios

Jennifer Jones wins
coveted script

By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

ONE of Hollywood's prodigal daughters, Jennifer Jones, has returned. The aloof star, who had turned a deaf ear to Hollywood since her marriage to David O. Selznick, has come back to the movie city by the Pacific for the first time since "Portrait of Jennie" to portray the title role in "Carrie Ames," Paramount's film version of the Theodore Dreiser novel, co-starring Sir Laurence Olivier.

VERONICA LAKE'S own petite brand of blonde beauty is back on the Hollywood market again. The husky-voiced star and her director-husband, Andre De Toth, recently returned to Hollywood after completing "Stronghold," a drama of the Maximilian era, in Mexico City. Lake's co-star, Zachary Scott, has already found another job for himself. He is soon to star in the stage production, "Blind Alley," in New York.

THE bigger Hollywood stars working for major studios may bask in the movie limelight, but there are some lesser players without studio homes who are making good, too. Two notable examples are Edmond O'Brien, husband of Nancy Olga San Juan, and lovely Joanne Dru, wife of actor John Ireland. The pair will co-star, for the second consecutive time, in Frank Seitz's "Kansas City Story," a drama prompted by underworld gang wars in the mid-Western metropolis.

RICARDO MONTALBAN lost one of the top supporting roles to Clark Gable in "Across the Wide Missouri" because of an old knee ailment, he told me over the telephone. "James Craig and Bruce Bennett are testing as my replacement," Montalban said. The picture is an outdoor thriller which will mark Gable's first movie swim in his entire career. Incidentally, as a pioneer Indian scout, Gable will swim the narrow, shallow Colorado River near the town of Durango—a safe substitution for the mighty river whose name the picture's title bears!

THE same picture that brought old Jean Hersholt out of retirement, "It's a Big Country," is returning 71-year-old Lewis Stone to the sound stages for his first movie appearance in four years. Stone, the kindly father of young Mickey Rooney in the "Andy Hardy" series, will portray a sexton in the "Minister to Washington" sequence of the production at M.G.M.

OFFICIALS at the Universal studio golf tournament, whose participants all were studio employees, suffered an embarrassing moment when pretty Ann Blyth came up with the winning score in the women's division. The first place prize happened to be a costly set of silver which Blyth herself had donated. A quick switch of prizes gave Blyth a new set of golf clubs, the second-place winner, a script.

AN aspiring actor must wait a long time before recognition comes his way, it seems. That's the way it was with Maurice Schwartz, who made his debut eight years ago in "Mission to Moscow" at Warner. Only now has he received his follow-up role. It is that of a tribal witch doctor in "Bird of Paradise," the South Pacific romance with Louis Jourdan, Jeff Chandler, and Debra Paget starred. Director Delmar Daves will film most of the picture on location in Hawaii.

TELEVISION has provided green pastures for still another "retired" member of the movie colony of the 1930's, comedienne Zasu Pitts. Movie veteran Zasu has signed a three-year contract with a television producing firm to star in her own comedy series called "Come into My Kitchen."

THE romantic line-up in Hollywood is as active as ever. Seen together recently in familiar haunts along the sunset strip, in the San Fernando Valley, or at swank clubs along the ocean beach were blonde Adele Mara and Lew Ayres, petite Amanda Blake and pianist Andre



FAMILY PORTRAIT of Eleanor Powell, husband Glenn Ford, and five-year-old son Peter, taken on the set of the technicolor musical, "Duchess of Idaho." The film marks Eleanor's return to M.G.M. after an absence of seven years.

Previn, Evelyn Keyes with Charlie Chaplin's son Sydney, and starlet Barbara Lawrence with William Dorier, Joan Fontaine's ex-husband.

DANA ANDREWS spent two hours cleaning his yacht docked at Balboa Harbor, 50 miles down the coast from Hollywood; admitted to friendly mariners in the shipyard. "Why pay to have it done when you can do it yourself?" On the drive back to Hollywood he tipped a service station helper a lavish dollar bill to wipe his auto's windshield, a service usually performed gratis.

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★ **The Capture**
AUTHOR - PRODUCER
A Niven Busch's "The Capture" is an unusual psychological piece set in Mexico.

The two central characters are portrayed by Lew Ayres and Teresa Wright, and upon this pair falls the responsibility of making events come alive.

Of the two Lew Ayres does the better job, but a protracted hour-and-a-half of character revelations is tedious.

The film gets off to a vigorous start with Ayres seeking refuge in a priest's cabin while rurales, Mexican police, close in all round.

There, through lengthy flashbacks, he relates the experience that began a year earlier, in which he killed a suspected payroll robber.

Uneasy conscience prods him into seeking out the dead man's family. He marries the widow, puts her ranch on a paying basis, and gains the affection of her small son.

As though that were not enough, he dreams up the task of unmasking the real culprit, tracks him down and accidentally kills him, and has to make a run for it.

An implied happy ending is reached via the straightening out of some mental quirks acquired during the run of the story.

Occasional vivid shots of action and scenery are welcome. In Sydney—the Esquire.



BETWEEN SCENES of "Mystery Street." Gene Kelly drops in to chat with Ricardo Montalban and attractive Mrs. Kelly, who appears in the mystery thriller as Betsy Blair.

THREE SMART GIRLS FROM MOVIELAND

• **BARBARA LAWRENCE**, Twentieth Century-Fox contract player, regarded as one of the studio's brightest young actresses, is being groomed for sophisticated, wise-cracking roles after the manner of comedienne Eve Arden.



• **PEGGY CUMMINS**, of the husky voice and petite figure, is appearing in the United Artists film "Gun Crazy," in which she stars with John Dall. The pair have the roles of underprivileged young people who are fascinated by firearms.

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 5, 1936.—Page 48

• **PAT NEAL**, Warner's (below), who co-stars with Ronald Reagan in "John Loves Mary," has Gary Cooper for leading man in "The Fountainhead," which follows.





It's the kiddies favourite NEW lolly-flavoured Gibbs

DENTIFRICE

YOUR CHILDREN will run to clean their teeth when you give them the new Gibbs Dentifrice in a specially coloured container for their very own use. * New Gibbs has a delicious fresh-tasting aniseed sweet flavour that all children love.

And what's more, mother knows Gibbs is so good for teeth—it cleans them thoroughly, helps keep them sound, leaves mouths fresh and sweet! Gibbs is economical, too! A solid dentifrice, it easily outlasts two tubes of ordinary toothpaste—children can't leave unsightly trails of toothpaste decorating the bathroom.

* A DIFFERENT COLOURED CONTAINER FOR EACH MEMBER OF THE FAMILY!

Gibbs now comes in bright-coloured containers—red, blue and green. There's one for each member of the family—one for each kiddie to call his very own!

Buy Economical
New Gibbs Dentifrice
Today!

Keeps kiddies teeth
and your own
sparkling white



G.I.H. W.V. 12.2

Voted Model of Year



Sydney's most photographed model, June Dally-Watkins, relaxes while the photographer gets ready for another shot. "I love modelling," says June, "but it's strenuous and tiring work at times. So when I feel the strain I enjoy a cup of hot Bonox. I find Bonox gives me new life—that's why I drink it all through the winter." Let steaming hot Bonox keep you fit this winter. It sends warmth and renewed strength racing through your whole system, raises your resistance, helps keep your head above the 'flu line. Enjoy Bonox every day—eat it and drink it for a 1-i-f-t!

806



1 FLIRTATION with pretty servant-girl Emily Gaunt (Dorothy Patrick) has tragic ending when author Stephen Byrne (Louis Hayward) kills her in his comfortable riverside home.



2 ARRIVAL of crippled brother John (Lee Bowman) reveals crime. Terrified Stephen, the indulged and spoiled member of family, lies to secure his help in hiding deed from authorities.

HOUSE BY THE RIVER



3 HIDING body in sack they throw it in river, but later it surfaces. It is found by police, who start an investigation.

ALL the action in this A. P. Herbert suspense story takes place in a gloomy mansion bordering a riverbank, and in the courthouse of the town itself.

The film departs from the conventional whodunit in that the audience knows the murderer's identity from the beginning, and interest lies in developing character studies by the three principals—Louis Hayward, Lee Bowman, and Jane Wyatt.

Directed by Fritz Lang and produced by Howard Welsch, the film also has in its compact cast Ann Shoemaker, Jody Gilbert, and Howland Chamberlain.

A Republic production released by 20th Century-Fox.



4 SOCIAL engagement that night is attended by brothers. John cannot understand how Stephen can feel so carefree.



5 INQUEST clears both men, but certain testimony implicates innocent John in minds of townspeople. Conscience-troubled, he is embittered by loss of friends and business. Extrovert Stephen revels in sudden limelight.



6 SALES of Stephen's book zoom when he capitalises on publicity. He begins book about himself and the murder of Emily, camouflaging only the names.



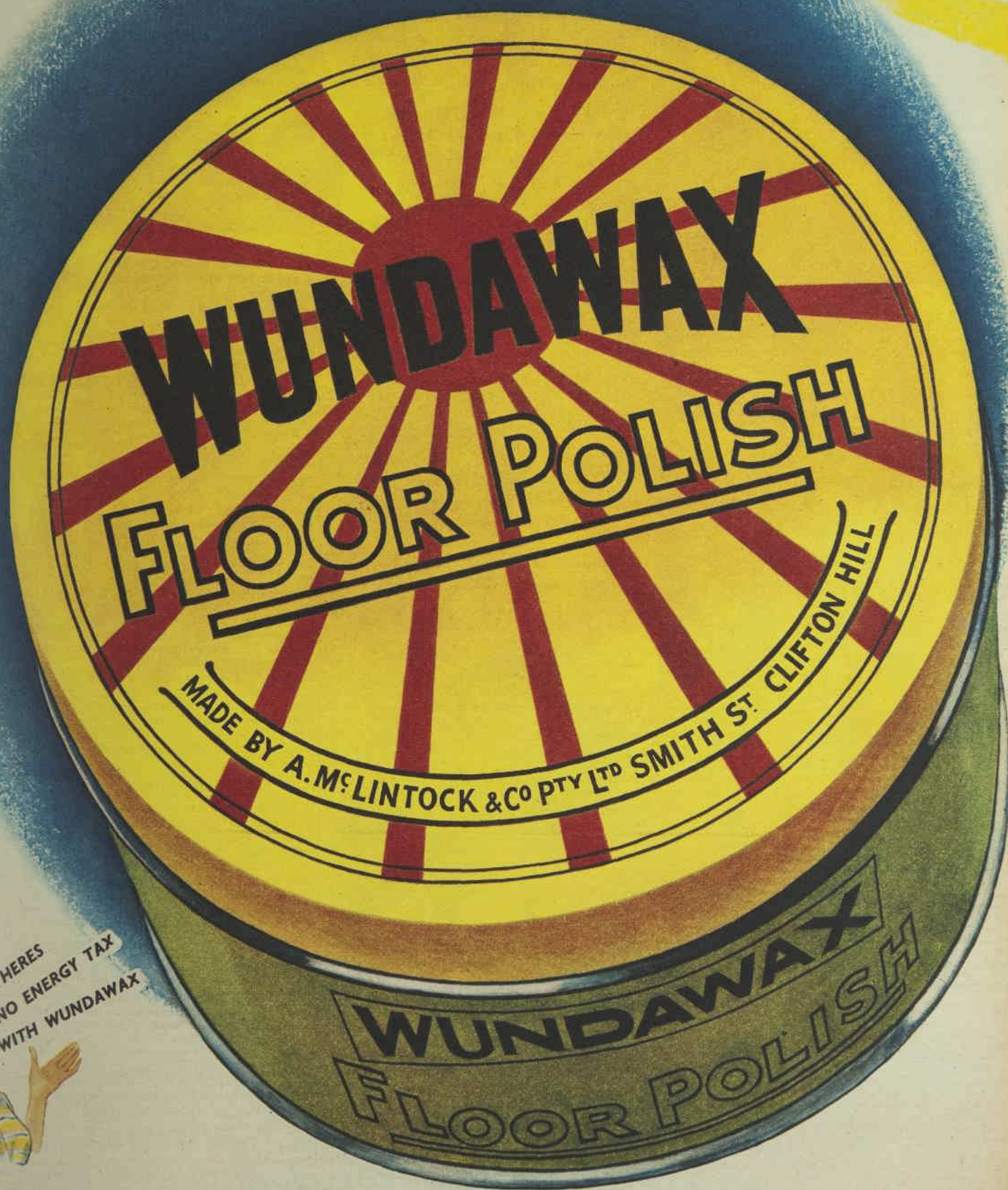
7 WORRIED by knowledge he has aided in murder, John becomes terse with employees, eventually tells Stephen he is going to police. He is knocked unconscious and thrown into river.



8 ATTACK upon wife Marjorie (Jane Wyatt), who understands implications of script, fails when John reappears. Mad with fear, Stephen is strangled in curtains as he rushes from house.

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**With one easy application
it cleans polishes and preserves**



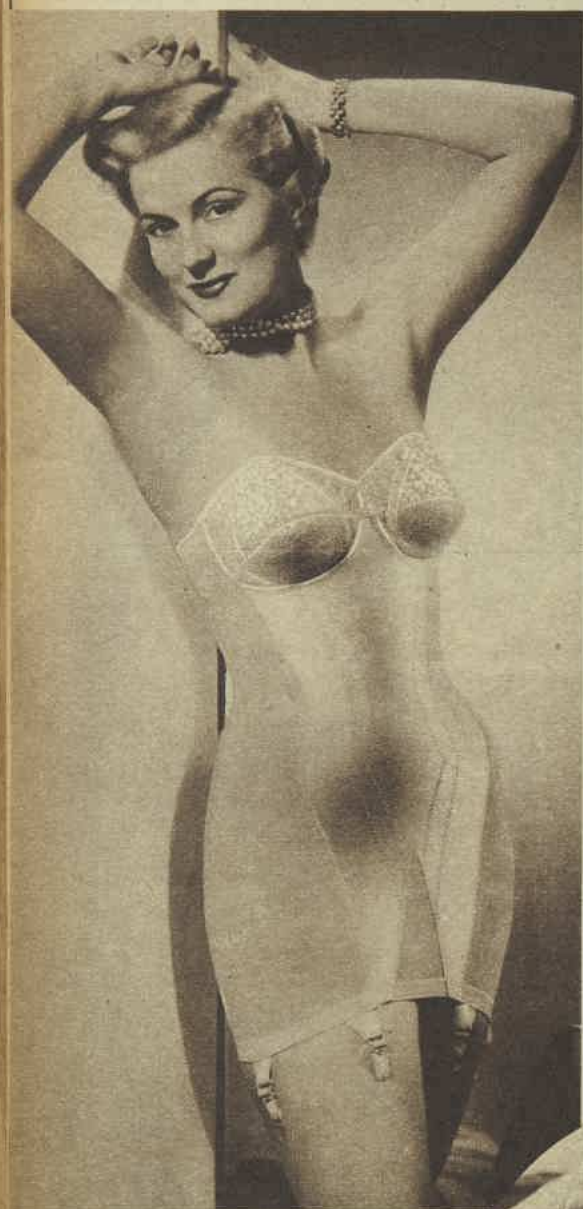
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... in **WARNER'S Strapless Free-Lift Corselette**



Warner's turns a pretty trick of baring daring shoulders and also ends your worries about straps that show under sheers. This strapless corselette is perfection with all you own. The "stay-up" is built in, along with the uplift and the "Free-Lift" feature that are Warner's special magic.

(The bra actually lifts free from the corselette section—makes bust-line drag impossible!) And what a versatile beauty it is! Yes, you can wear it night and day, because it comes with straps you can add in a twink, if you want to!

"Free-Lift" No. 3950, in peach satin and satin elastic, with lightly boned bra section of French lace. Sizes 32-38, B cup... at finer stores everywhere.

.... in **WARNER'S Strapless A'Lure Bra**

It hugs you, holds you — breathes when you breathe — Warner's A'Lure Bra in exquisite peach coloured French lace and elastic, with paper-thin flexible boning, in sizes 32-38. B cup fitting. At finer stores everywhere.



WARNER'S Le Gant 3-Way-Sized Foundations and Bras

W.27.31

Dress Sense

SPRING fashion item — ankle-length dresses in flowery sheers and crisp organdies for bridal attendants are new and chic.

by **Betty Keep**

Floral organdie

"WOULD you please give me a design for a large flower-patterned floral organdie? I want it for a bridesmaid's frock, and cannot decide on the style. Would the skirt be correct at ballerina length, and would it look correct to have a matching organdie hat? The wedding is to take place early in the summer."

Ankle length is newer looking than ballerina length, and a flowered organdie would be perfect material for a summertime bridesmaid. As the material is pretty in itself, I advise a really simple design: Soft bodice, tiny collar, and a shoulder-line cut to form a suspicion of a sleeve. Have a picture hat in matching organdie and carry a bouquet of pink roses, surrounded by their own green leaves.

Sheer and lace

"I WANT a party frock to wear at small dances, and wondered if net or lace would be suitable. I want some kind of fullness in the skirt, and the skirt to have the new short length."

One of the newest spring fabrics for the style of dress you are planning is sheer. A sheer is often seen mated with lace in an overskirt and bodice applique. One design I noticed had a base of sheer and an overdress of coarse net appliqued in large designs of ecru lace. The dress was decollete and had a moderately flared skirt. Skirt fullness ranges from the gentlest swing to full circles.

For evening

"PLEASE advise me what is newest in formal evening dress for spring."

Dresses for important gala evening events show an interesting variety of silhouette treatments. Fabrics are sumptuous and heavy, or diaphanous. The silhouette can be very wide or ultra slim. A smoother, more moulded look over the hips is a trend even in bouffant skirts. Bare tops are still in the fashion picture, and so is a "framed" neckline. The latter is often linked to width at the top of the silhouette.

Coat and dress

"CAN you help me with two dress problems? I am having a spring outfit—a light dress and a wool coat—and would like some advice about it. I would also like to know the most up-to-date material for a cocktail-cum-dance frock."

For your dress and coat ensemble I like the idea of a redingote-type straight slim wool coat and a simple sleeveless dress made in a printed silk. Have the coat designed with above-elbow-length cuffed sleeves (this is real spring fashion news) and lined with the same material as the dress. Sheers are the newest materials for spring "formals."

Right for business

"AS I am just leaving business college to start in a job, I would like your advice on the type of dressing you consider correct for a business girl."

A well-groomed appearance is your number one "must." Try to combine elegance with efficiency, and don't follow exaggerated fashion trends. Double-purpose clothes are often good fashion, as are "separates." Typical examples: A coat



ANKLE-LENGTH floral organdie frock. Worn with a wide organdie hat, this is something new for the spring or summer bridesmaid.

designed to be worn as a coat, or as a coat-dress, and a skirt-jacket-waistcoat combination to switch about. A classic suit, the material depending on the season it is worn, plus well-chosen, slightly conservative accessories, is my idea of a perfect basic ensemble for any career girl.

Teenager blouse

"BEING an ardent and fashion-conscious teenage admirer of your dress column, I would like your advice. I want a suggestion for a new type of blouse or jacket to wear with slacks or pedal-pushers."

A version of the French midie blouse made with long or short sleeves (could also be sleeveless) complete with a deep V neck and sailor collar would be perfect combined with teenage trouser fashions. The blouse, of course, is designed to hang loose over trousers. It would be made in cotton or wool for casual wear. I once had one in mattress ticking that flattered like a dream. In check taffeta or velvet it would be quite fetching to wear at dinner or an at home party. "Men's" shirts for women are also in the fashion picture. These come in striped cotton shirting or plain white or colored cotton. In New York a pink cotton shirt is fashion news. Vests are another item in teenage trousers fashions—reversible vests are newest. You might, for instance, contrast beige and white check wool with a heavy beige lining.

● Although it is not possible for me to answer individual letters which arrive from outside the State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem, I can help you with it, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 100, G.P.O., Sydney.

Clau

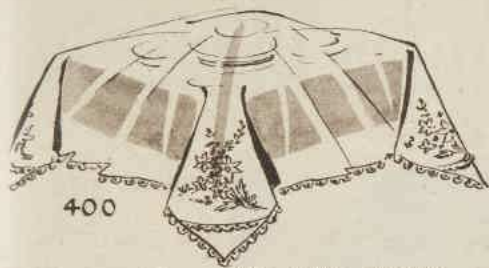
THE AUSTR

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 397. — NIGHTGOWN
Pretty gown cut out ready to make in raytrousse satin, in white, pastel-pink, and blue. Sizes: Bust 32-34in., price 31/9, postage 1/9; bust 36-38in., price 35/3, postage 1/9.

No. 398. — SMOCK
Smart, useful smock cut out ready to make in summer brocade in a floral design in tones of blue, red and black, green, lemon and cyclamen, red, grey and green, cyclamen and blue, and pale blue, mauve, all on white grounds. Sizes: Bust 32-34in., price 15/9, postage 1/6; bust 36-38in., price 17/3, postage 1/6.

No. 399. — LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK AND PANTIES
Outfit for the young lass features a buttoned front with a Peter Pan collar, heart-shaped pockets, and is cut out ready to make. The material is a pretty floral cotton in aqua, pale pink, and blue, on a white ground. Sizes: Length 18in., 3 years, price 13/11, postage 1/6; length 19in., 4 years, price 15/9, postage 1/6; length 20in., 5 years, price 17/3, postage 1/6; length 21in., 6 years, price 18/11, postage 1/6.



400

401

When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 397, 398, 399, 400, and 401, please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

No. 400. — THROWOVER
Organdie throwover with corners traced ready to embroider, in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. It measures 36 x 36in. Lace to finish edge not supplied. Price 4/11, postage 4/6d.

No. 401. — TABLE-CENTRE
Traced ready to embroider on heavy cream Irish linen or sheer linen, in lemon, blue, pink, green, and white; also organdie, in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. It measures 11in. x 17in. Prices: Linen 4/11, postage 4/6d.; organdie 3/3, postage 4/6d.



397

398

399

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"CLAUDETTE"—A smart new suit design has a fitted jacket and slim-cut skirt. The suit is obtainable ready to wear only. The material is linen, colors include yellow, tan, natural, brick, pink, pale blue, turquoise, and white. Sizes, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Price, £5/19/11. Postage, 2/6 extra.

"EMMA"—A pretty one-piece with frilled bodice and skirt trim. The material is a printed summer breeze. Color choice includes sky-blue, yellow, celery-green, aqua, and pink, printed with a black-and-white design.

Ready to Wear: Sizes, 32 and 34in. bust, 39/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 42/3. Postage, 2/- extra.

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Take a **SPARKLING** glass of Andrews for **INNER CLEANLINESS**



THE SAFE, GENTLE PLEASANT-TO-TAKE LAXATIVE
1/9 & 3/

Sparkling Andrews is pleasant to taste, and helps to keep you fit, with the bloom of health in your cheeks. **FIRST:** Andrews refreshes the mouth. **NEXT:** Andrews settles the stomach and corrects digestive upsets. **THEN:** Andrews tones up the liver. **FINALLY:** Andrews gently clears the system of trouble-making impurities. Try a sparkling glass to-morrow!

ANDREWS
LIVER SALT
COOLS, REFRESHES, INVIGORATES



Proud women suffer!

They keep on working when they feel like dropping. On these days, you will find quick, safe relief from period pain by taking a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea. Myzone brings immediate, lasting relief. Its amazing Actevin (anti-pain) compound relieves pain, headache, backache, muscular pain and that sick feeling. Myzone is safe and sure. Keep a packet in your bag always.

WITH THE NEW IMPROVED "SEAL-TITE" PACK



Ask your Chemist for

MYZONE

DISTRIBUTED BY CLINTON-WILLIAMS



"Claudette"



"Emma"



How to pick a Dependable Winter Medicine



CHILDREN'S IRON TONIC
2/3, 3/6
SORE THROAT GARGLE
2/-, 3/-
NYAL COUGH MIXTURE
2/9
NYAL TONIC
WITH VITAMIN B1
3/-, 5/6
WHITE PINE AND TAR
2/3
BABY COUGH SYRUP
2/-, 3/-
IODISED THROAT TABLETS
1/3, 2/-
NYAL CREOPHOS
3/-, 5/6, 7/-
NYAL NASAL DROPS
2/-

NYAL

BRONCHITIS MIXTURE
3/-
NYAL ESTERIN
1/6, 2/6
NYAL COLD SORE LOTION
1/6
NYAL CHEST RUB
2/6
WHOOPIING COUGH SYRUP
2/6
NYAL HUSKEYS
1/4, 1/10
NYAL FIGSEN
1/9
NYAL FRUIT LAXATIVE
1/9
NYAL CAMPHOR ICE
1/-

Choosing a dependable winter medicine becomes a very simple matter indeed—if you remember one thing—LOOK FOR THE NAME OF THE MANUFACTURER. When a medicine bears the name of a trusted maker—like NYAL—you can rest assured that the product you are buying is the best that long pharmaceutical experience, pure ingredients and modern manufacturing methods can produce.

Pictured above are just a few of the NYAL winter medicines designed to help you. NYAL medicines are NOT intended to replace your doctor, but to provide you with safe, dependable medicine for the treatment of ordinary ailments.

Sold only by Chemists

FREE...
NYAL FIRST AID GUIDE

No household is complete without a reliable First Aid Guide. If you would like your own copy of the 32-page Nyal First Aid Guide, attach this coupon to a sheet of paper bearing your name and address, and send it to the Nyal Company. A copy will be forwarded to you by return mail. Chapters on Poisons, Infectious Diseases in Children, and Hints on Health should make this booklet of interest to everyone.



NYAL COMPANY
431 GLEBE RD. GLEBE
SYDNEY, N.S.W.



Night and Day hair styles

By CAROLYN EARLE,
Our Beauty Expert

★ World-known hairdressers still believe short haircuts are most becoming, healthy, and easy to care for.

An attractive hair-do that can be kept in line with a trim up and thinning every three to four weeks, and end-curling at three-monthly intervals, is also practical.

In the evening the most satisfying bit of vanity is an added hairpiece, as shown in Antoine's "Night and Day" coif.

● Close little curls, reminiscent of 1920, outline the head contour in this day-time arrangement of Antoine's two-way design. Afraid to cut? This style appears shorter than it really is.

● Attach sleight-of-hair accessory, right, for the evening. The sure look of style in this seemingly casual arrangement comes from carefully pinning the hairpiece to real hair-ends.



● Typical of the smart short cuts of the moment is this coiffure from Michel, of Helena Rubinstein. Parted on one side, hair is brushed smoothly across the top of the head, a suggestion of bangs softens one side, ends curl in around the face.

● Still pleasing the young brigade, the urchin coif, left, is a cut which requires frequent trims, a shapely head, and graceful profile. Average growth of half-an-inch a month makes hair tendrils wild and stubby if not carefully trimmed frequently.



Doctors Prove Palmolive Soap can bring YOU a lovelier complexion in 14 days!

Not just a promise—but actual proof that
Palmolive Soap facials can bring new complexion
beauty to 2 out of 3 women.

You too may look for these complexion
improvements in 14 days

- ♥ Fresher, brighter Complexion!
- ♥ Less oiliness!
- ♥ Added softness and smoothness!
- ♥ Fewer tiny blemishes—and incipient blackheads!
- ♥ Complexion clearer, more radiant!



REGULAR SIZE 5d.
ECONOMY
BATH SIZE 7½d.

Never before these tests have there been such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientific tests—supervised by leading skin specialists—proved conclusively that in 14 days regular facials with Palmolive Soap—using nothing but Palmolive—bring lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3 women.

Here is the easy method:

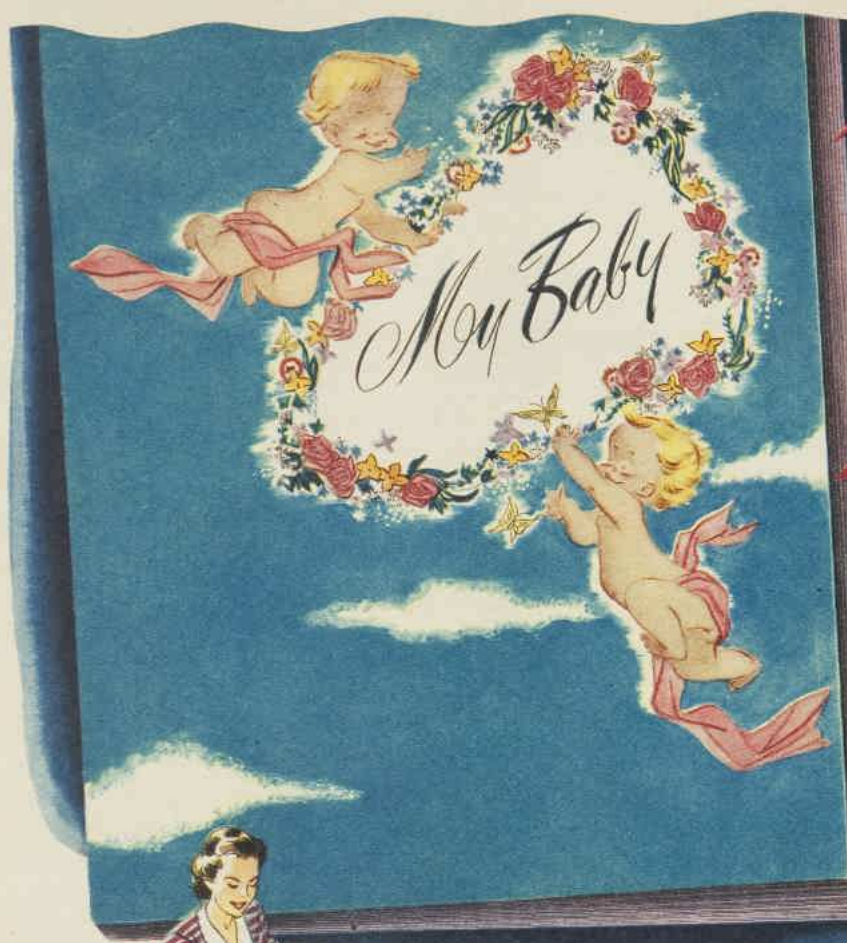
1. Wash your face three times daily with Palmolive Soap—each time massaging its beautifying lather on to your skin for sixty seconds.

2. Now rinse and dry—that's all.

Remarkable results were proved on women of all ages, with all types of skin. Proof that Palmolive facials really work to bring you a lovelier complexion. Start your Palmolive facials tonight!

For Tub or Shower get Big Bath size Palmolive!

Mothers! Get this beautiful 64 page book **FREE!**



ANSWERS all your questions about the "educational" diet, baby's early training, common disorders of childhood teething, etc.!



ITEMISES the needs of the nursing mother and includes the accepted formulas for artificial feeding!



OUTLINES in simple, easily understood terms the basic principles of correct pre-natal care, with dietary suggestions!



A practical guide for the young mother . . . a permanent record of baby's early development!

FIRST DE-LUXE EDITION STRICTLY LIMITED

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148 FOX VALLEY ROAD, WAHROONGA, N.S.W.

Sirs,
Please forward me a copy of your new book on baby care.
I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover packing and postage costs.

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SIGNATURE: _____

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(Please print in black letters to ensure speedy and correct delivery)

Here is a beautiful 64-page book for every young mother and mother-to-be. Written under medical direction it tells you EVERYTHING you need to know about the care and welfare of your baby . . . including chapters on the selection of sensible baby clothing, baby's diet, how to recognise common childhood ailments, etc. Includes pages, too, that enable you to record every stage of baby's

development. Colorfully produced by the makers of Granose Whole Wheat Biscuits—a famous body-building food known to Australian mothers for more than four generations—it is offered free with the compliments of the Sanitarium Health Food Company. To secure your copy, fill in and post the coupon below NOW together with 3d. in stamps to cover packing and posting.

SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD COMPANY
148 FOX VALLEY ROAD, WAHROONGA, N.S.W.



By Our Food and Cookery Experts

BAKED hamburger ring with a topping of sautéed ham and pineapple is the main course in this delicious dinner menu planned for two people.

Piping-hot onion and tomato puree makes an appetising first course, and a refreshing fruit-flavored sweet (which may be made in advance) completes the meal.

Planning meals for two needs considerable thought and care since only small quantities are required.

Waste may be prevented by planning menus for two days at a time and arranging to serve any remaining food in a different guise next day to avoid monotony.

For instance, balance of peach fantasy may be melted over hot water, and when cooled again and beginning to thicken spooned over a layer of sponge cake (fresh or stale, bought or home-made), sprinkled with sherry or fruit juice. Hey, presto—a luscious trifle!

Balance of hamburger ring may be mixed with any remaining gravy, re-heated, and served on toast for breakfast. Or it may be further flavored with curry for mid-day lunch. . . . Remember all spoon measurements are level.

TOMATO AND ONION PUREE

Two small onions, 1 medium-sized potato, 3 medium-sized tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 1 teaspoon butter.

Peel onions, slice thinly. Reserve about 6 of the small inner rings for garnishing. Peel and grate potato; wash and chop tomatoes. Place in saucepan with salt, pepper, sugar, water. Cover closely and cook very gently until onion and tomato are soft. Rub through coarse strainer, return to saucepan with flour blended smoothly with a little water. Stir until boiling, simmer 3 or 4 minutes. Gradually add cold milk, stirring continuously. Re-heat, but do not allow to

DINNER for TWO

Menu

TOMATO and ONION PUREE

HAMBURGER RING

with

SAUTEED HAM and PINEAPPLE

PEAS, CARROT RINGS,

CAULIFLOWER AU GRATIN

CREAMED POTATOES

PEACH FANTASY

BISCUITS and CHEESE

TEA

boil again. Just before serving stir in butter. Onion rings for garnishing may be cooked separately, or the quick and easy way is to cook them with the onion, potato, and tomato and remove when they are just tender. Serve soup piping hot with onion rings on top.

PEACH FANTASY

One tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 1 cup chopped peach pulp, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup peach syrup, 3 teaspoons gelatine, 2 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 packet lemon jelly, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups hot water, peach slices and cherries to decorate.

Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Cool, add egg-yolks beaten with sugar, and gelatine dissolved in heated peach syrup. Set aside to cool; dissolve jelly crystals in hot water and set aside to cool. When milk mixture begins to thicken fold in peach pulp and cooled jelly. When beginning to thicken again fill into wetted mould. Chill until set. Unmould, decorate with sliced peaches and cherries. Serve with cream or ice-cream.

HAMBURGER RING WITH SAUTEED HAM AND PINEAPPLE

One and a half pounds topside steak, scant $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 egg-yolk, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups soft breadcrumbs, pinch pepper, pinch herbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato puree (or 1-3rd cup water mixed with 1 tablespoon tomato sauce and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce), 1 dessertspoon flour blended with a little water, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. ham (bought in 1 piece), 3 or 4 slices pineapple, small quantity margarine or butter, parsley.

Put meat through mincer and combine with milk, egg-yolk, salt, breadcrumbs, pepper, herbs. Pack into greased sandwich-tin or small recess-tin. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) about 1 hour. Carefully pour liquid from tin into small saucepan, add tomato puree or water and sauces. Thicken with blended flour, simmer 3 minutes. Pour into gravy-boat, keep hot. Invert meat ring on to heated serving dish. Cut ham and half the pineapple slices into small cubes, sauté 3 or 4 minutes in hot margarine or butter. Remove and brown remaining pineapple slices lightly on both sides, cut in halves. Fill recess of meat ring with sautéed ham and pineapple, garnish dish with browned pineapple slices and parsley.



You'll smile your way
through washday

...after a good, sound sleep

... thanks to
BOURN-VITA

Wash day holds no challenge when your body is rested, your nerves relaxed. A cup of Bourn-vita before bed acts while you're asleep, encouraging that deep sleep that rests you completely; building energy for tomorrow. Try a cup of Bourn-vita halfway through the morning—it helps ward-off fatigue.

Bourn-vita is a food—as well as a delicious drink, choicful of natural goodness, barley malt, eggs, full cream dairy milk, and chocolate, it builds health while you sleep. Bourn-vita is your tastiest way to gain the additional vitamins and minerals your body needs.

Bourn-vita comes in three sizes—1-pound tin is 4/6d., the 14 oz. economy tin is 4/-d.; and the 2-pound tin 2/6d. (Prices may be a little higher in some country centres.) Try this easy-way to family health.



NEW ECONOMY SIZE 4-

Cadbury's
BOURN-VITA
For sleep and energy



STORYBOOK birthday cake that will delight all children. The recipe won this week's prize of £5. You will find it very easy to make if you follow the instructions.

Birthday book cake recipe wins this week's prize

THIS week's recipe which wins the prize of £5 is a novel birthday cake decorated in the design of a storybook.

Another prize goes to a flavoursome cauliflower anchovy flan, which makes an ideal luncheon dish or an appetising main dish for Saturday night tea.

All spoon measurements are level.

BIRTHDAY BOOK CAKE

Sponge Cake: Four eggs, pinch salt, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons boiling water.

Mock Cream: One cup milk, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons icing sugar, vanilla essence, 2 tablespoons raspberry jam.

Icing: Three cups sifted icing sugar, juice of 1 lemon, 1 dessertspoon butter, water, 1 tablespoon cocoa, pink coloring.

Accessories: One birthday card, candles.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites with a pinch of salt until stiff and frothy. Gradually add sugar, beat until sugar is dissolved. Add egg-yolks one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in flour (sifted 3 times), then boiling water. Pour into well-greased and paper-lined Swiss roll tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 12 to 15 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, cut in halves.

Mock Cream: Blend cornflour with a little of the milk, add balance, stir over gentle heat until boiling. Simmer 3 minutes, cool. Cream butter with sifted icing sugar, and few drops vanilla. Add cornflour mixture (still warm), a little at a time, beat well. Spread raspberry jam over both sides of sponge, join with mock cream.

Icings: Sift icing sugar, stir in lemon juice, butter, and sufficient water to make a stiff paste. Warm slightly until smooth, ice both the ends and front of book. When icing is set, mark with knife blade to represent leaves of a book. Ice top of book, leaving right-hand corners un-iced. Dip knife in hot water to smooth surface when necessary. Reserve 2 tablespoons of icing and color pink. Add cocoa to balance of icing and a little extra water to mix. Reheat slightly and ice corners of book and back to represent leather binding. Using writing pipe and bag, pipe "Happy Birthday" with choco-

late icing, and outline edge of book. With rose pipe and bag, pipe roses to attach birthday card to cake and larger roses to stand candles in. Using writing pipe and pink icing, print name on back of book. Prepare at least 12 hours before required.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. W. Bell, 12 Splatt St., Swan Hill, Vic.

GOLDEN PUDDING WITH NUTTY SAUCE

Half cup butter or margarine, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup grated carrot, grated rind of 1 large orange, 1 1/2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 1 cup milk.

Cream butter or margarine with orange rind and sugar. Add eggs one at a time and beat well. Stir in grated carrot, then fold in sifted flour, baking powder, and salt alternately with milk. Fill into greased baking-dish and cook in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 40 to 45 minutes. Serve hot with peanut butter sauce.

Peanut Butter Sauce: Combine 1/2 cup peanut butter, 1/2 cup honey, 1/2 cup orange juice, 1/2 cup water, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind.

Mix well, heat until nearly boiling. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. P. Neilsen, 26 Laureate St., Pt. Pirie West, S.A.

CAULIFLOWER ANCHOVY FLAN

One small cooked cauliflower, 1 1/2 cups milk, 1 slice onion, 2 peppercorns, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 3 dessertspoons flour, 3 dessertspoons anchovy paste, salt, pepper, squeeze lemon juice, 1 9in. cooked pastry case, 3 tablespoons breadcrumbs, 3 tablespoons grated tasty cheese.

Add onion and peppercorns to milk, bring to boiling point, strain, and cool. Melt margarine or butter, stir in flour, cook 2 to 3 minutes without browning. Add milk, continue stirring until boiling. Fold in anchovy and lemon juice, season with salt and pepper. Break cauliflower into flowerets, arrange in pastry case, coat completely with sauce, top with breadcrumbs and cheese mixed together. Reheat in moderate oven until cheese is melted and lightly browned. Serve hot garnished with lemon slices and parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Wilson, Brisbane Rd., Southport, Qld.



Mrs. John I. Astor, American society beauty says: "Pond's Dry Skin Cream seems extra rich and creamy... such a help for dry skin."

If you are over 25 Beware of DRY SKIN

From about 25 on the natural oil that keeps skin soft gradually decreases. Even before 40—a woman may lose as much as 20% of this oil skin needs.

Replacement help is at your fingertips with new Pond's Dry Skin Cream! Three features make this new cream extra softening: 1. It is rich in lanolin, most like skin's own oil. 2. It is homogenized to soak in better. 3. It has a special emulsifier.

Arrests Dry Skin two ways

Lanolin-Softens by Night—Work plenty of Pond's new Dry Skin Cream over face, throat. Leave 5 to 15 minutes, or all night for extra softening.

Lanolin-Protects by Day—Pond's new Dry Skin Cream used lightly before make-up protects skin against dryness all day.

Get your big economy jar of Pond's Dry Skin Cream 10 day! 4/- at chemists and leading stores.

PSO-5

HAIR GONE in 3 minutes

Keep your underarms and legs satin-smooth with this amazing hair-removing cream. VEET dissolves away ugly unwanted hair deep down below the skin surface. No risk of cuts—leaves no stubble like the razor. Successful results guaranteed with VEET or money refunded.



★ ★ ★

At all chemists and stores—3/- per tube.



♡♡♡♡♡
Staisweet
Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet
♡♡♡♡♡



Cut Lunches

Cut lunches can be so very dreary — or so wonderfully exciting! The secret is **CHANGE!** Give them something different every day, give them appetising variety — and your cut lunches will be looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation, and eaten with relish! Here are some useful Maxam suggestions.



All the family "goes" for **MAXAM** the cheese with **BALANCED FLAVOUR!**

Balanced Flavour!
A careful blending of fine old cheddar with mellow-mild cheeses that pleases every taste — young and old alike! The perfect packet cheese — tasty, always fresh, economical. Be sure it's Maxam!

- ★ MAXAM CANNED SPECIALITIES
- ★ MAXAM PACKET CHEESE
- ★ MAXAM BAKED



MAXAM ONION AND CHEESE SANDWICHES

Chop an onion finely, add 3 tablespoons of grated Maxam cheese and 1 tablespoon of Worcester Sauce. Mix together and spread between slices of buttered white bread.



MAXAM "TOMATO DAINTY" SANDWICH SPREAD

Required: 1 lb. tomatoes; 2 oz. shortening; 1 onion (grated); 1 egg; 4 tablespoons breadcrumbs; 4 tablespoons grated Maxam cheese; salt and pepper.
Method: Slice tomatoes and add grated onion. Melt shortening. Fry onion and tomato until soft. Rub through sieve or strainer. Beat egg well, add salt and pepper, then add to tomato mixture. Place in double saucepan and cook until mixture thickens. Add cheese and breadcrumbs and cook long enough to melt cheese. Pour into jars and seal when cold.



MAXAM CHEESE AND APRICOT JAM SANDWICHES

Spread thinly cut slices of brown or white bread with butter, then a little Apricot Jam. Sprinkle a layer of grated Maxam cheese on top and then top slice of buttered bread. Children love these.



MAXAM CELERY AND CHEESE SANDWICHES

Mix together some finely chopped celery, a little grated Maxam cheese, a hard-boiled egg and a little salad dressing. Spread thickly in sandwiches.



BEETROOT AND CHEESE SANDWICHES

Spread shredded raw beetroot and grated Maxam cheese on lettuce leaf between buttered slices of brown or white bread. Nice!



MAXAM CELERY STICKS

Cut celery into 4 inch lengths and pack centre with Maxam cheese. Sprinkle with a little salt and wrap up tightly in greaseproof paper.



MAXAM CHEESE AND GHERKIN SPREAD

Required: 8 oz. packet Maxam Cheese (grated), $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon shortening, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 6 gherkins, salt and pepper to taste.
Method: Melt the shortening. Add the flour, salt and pepper and cook one minute. Add the milk, bring to boil and cook well. Add grated Maxam cheese and well beaten egg to mixture and cook long enough to melt cheese. Cool slightly. Add the vinegar, then the gherkins (chopped), and, if liked, a little finely chopped red pepper. Bottle, and seal when cold.



MAXAM WALNUT AND CHEESE SANDWICHES

Mix together 1 tablespoon of finely chopped walnut, 1 tablespoon grated Maxam cheese, 1 tablespoon melted butter. Nicest spread between thin slices of brown bread and butter.



MAXAM CHEESE AND BACON SANDWICH SPREAD

Mix together some grated Maxam cheese, boiled bacon chopped finely and sufficient mayonnaise to make a paste. A little chopped pickle may be added if liked. Very savoury!



MAXAM CHEESE AND GINGER SANDWICH SPREAD

Soften 4 oz. grated Maxam cheese with milk and beat with fork till creamy. Add 1 or 2 tablespoons crystallised ginger chopped very small. Delicious!



MAXAM MOCK CHICKEN SPREAD

Required: 1 tablespoon butter; 1 tablespoon chopped or grated onion; 1 tablespoon Maxam cheese (grated); 1 medium tomato (skinned); 1 teaspoon mixed herbs; 1 egg; salt and pepper to taste.
Method: Put all ingredients (except egg) into a saucepan and simmer gently until onion is cooked. Then add well beaten egg and stir until thick. A delicious sandwich spread, tasty with cold salad.

IF IT'S **MAXAM** it's good!

- TOMATO
- VEGETABLE
- ASPARAGUS
- CELERY
- PEA

DOUBLE-QUANTITY
SOUPS



Rosella
TWICE as much SOUP in every can

INDIGESTION
coming on—



At the first warning of indigestion, nip the pain in the bud by taking two Digestif Rennies. Rennies are pleasant-tasting, mild yet effective. They neutralise the excess acid that causes indigestion—the pain goes in seconds. So, rather than risk the discomfort and inconvenience of stomach upset, carry a few Rennies in your handbag. Take them, anywhere, any time.

Suck 2 Rennies
Pain all Gone!

1/3 and 4/-

DIGESTIF RENNIES
—individually wrapped—easy to carry

DR. 23.10

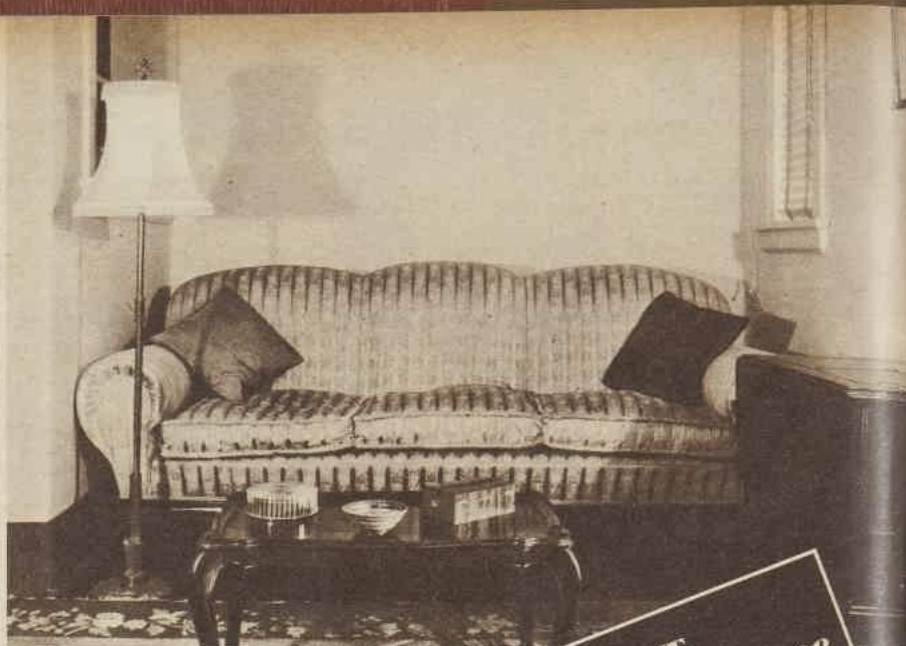
BABY'S TEETHING
need give you no anxieties



There need be no restless nights, no tears, no baby disorders, if you have Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders handy. Mothers all over the world have found them soothing and cooling when baby is fretful through teething, and, best of all, they are ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

Box of 20 Powders, 1/6

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS



COFFEE IS SERVED HERE. In this deep bay off the lounge, Mr. and Mrs. Brand relax after dinner.

APARTMENT
with air of space
and charm...

HERE are glimpses of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brand's recently redecorated apartment at Chowringhee, Eltham Ave., Darling Point, N.S.W. In refurnishing, Mrs. Brand worked out a scheme that would produce an atmosphere of quiet charm.

A leading couturier, Mrs. Brand is a busy woman, but when the salon door closes behind her at night she is essentially a homemaker.

"I do all my own cooking," Mrs. Brand told me, "and I love concocting unusual dishes for my husband and friends."

Her well-equipped kitchen is decorated in primrose and turquoise.—EVE GYE



BEDROOM has orchid-pink walls and carpet, lovely chintz drapes, dull reseda bedspreads. Exquisitely carved Queen Anne styled furniture was made to Mrs. Brand's own design.

Daisy-time
SPRINGTIME is daisy-time, and it won't be so many weeks from now before the very earliest of this dainty, attractive family starts to open its petals and yellow eyes.

Almost as soon as the last frost clears and the warm spring rains fall, the dainty little English double daisy or bellis perennis will be brightening up the edges and borders of flower beds with its snow-white and red blooms. In the lawns the dainty little English daisy, too, will be breaking up the greenery.

Right through the winter a close relation, the gazania, has stared at the drab sky, and the moment the sun peeped through the clouds opened its "mascara-smeared" lids and extended its yellow, gold, cream, or tomato-red petals. The gazanias mostly have very dark centres and open only during the sunny hours, but, as they bloom almost constantly for eight or nine months, they are a distinct acquisition to the "daisy bed."

Livingstone daisies really belong to the mesembryanthemum family, but someone tacked that name on to them years ago—and it seems to have stuck. They come to us in pastel shades of cream, yellow, apricot, pale gold—and pure white—but practically all of them have deep cerise or cyclamen tips—and provide a lovely contrast.—Our Home Gardener.



HERE YOU SEE the annual dimorphotheca, a spring-flowering plant, adding pastel shades to a lovely setting. Seeds can be sown now or in September, and if the plants are fed regularly they will flower well into late spring.



SPACIOUS LOUNGE has delicate green walls, Chinese rug, polished hardwood floor, banana-colored Roman satin drapes. The same color is repeated in the Regency striped upholstery of chairs, also settee in bay. Mrs. Brand usually arranges orchid-pink toned flowers and mignonette in this room.



DAY BED in pretty boudoir, which has ice-blue storage walls, with cupboards and shelves for clothes, and an enchanting little make-up table with a massive mirror.



DINING-ROOM. Parchment walls, copper beech carpet, Regency striped drapes in parchment and copper beech is the color-scheme. A bowl of mignonette with a huge flat box of dull yellow ribbon makes original centre-piece for dinner-table.

Regular habits in daily routine

By **SISTER MARY JACOB**,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

TRAINING babies and young children in regular habits is often a source of worry to mothers.

An important part of the daily routine, this training must not be overlooked, but it can be over-emphasised with harmful effects.

Scolding and punishment for lack of control in a toddler may give the child a sense of fear, and lack of confidence.

A leaflet giving helpful suggestions can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.



SUNROOM leads off lounge, with wide windows overlooking the harbor. Hand-blocked linen covers cushions and comfortable chair backs. Walls are a delicate green.

Women care for
lovely clothes...
so does
Acme!

Your prettiest things—delicate silks, gay cottons, sturdy linens, fluffy woollens—all are safe with Acme. And the reason? Acme pressure! Firm, even pressure, controlled by Acme's latest feature the 'pressure indicator', working through resilient rubber rollers. These rollers, the result of 70 years' experience, are developed and made complete in the Acme factory on specially designed plant. It is these special rollers which expel embedded dirt, along with the surplus water. This extra cleansing means that everything you wring, from a slip to a slip-cover, from bib to blanket, comes out looking cleaner than ever before and with longer life ahead. Acme pressure means care for the whole family wash—lasting care!



ACME

the cleanser-wringer

A product of 70 years' manufacturing experience



Obtainable at all leading hardware and departmental stores

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MELBOURNE, C.1

Manufactured by ACME WRINGERS LIMITED DAVID STREET GLASGOW S.E., SCOTLAND

For Quick Delicious
Picnic
Sandwiches
try



Sanitarium
PEANUT BUTTER*

Milled FRESH while the peanuts are still hot from the ovens!

Going picnicking? Then pack plenty of delicious sandwiches spread with **SANITARIUM Peanut Butter***. A taste-treat few can resist—it is naturally rich in all the body-building fats, oils and protein that make the peanut one of the few really complete foods. Milled FRESH while the peanuts are still hot from the ovens, **SANITARIUM Peanut Butter*** gives you everything the peanut has to offer. Order from your grocer to-day!



*Known as Peanut Paste in some States.

One of the Natural Foods!



**I HAVE LOST
FOUR TOES**

in the Mountain Snows,
And an eye in the Tasman Sea,
A hand and a jaw in a circular saw,
And a foot by a falling tree,
But I never look ill from cold or a chill,
My health I can aye ensure,
By wetting my throat in time with a bottle
Of **Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.**

Big-Hearted Arthur

— GIVES AWAY A TIP!

*If you must listen to me
Playmates, better listen with
a Healing 'Moderne' mantel*



"THIS NEW HEALING
'MODERNE' MAKES
EVERY ONE OF MY LINES
A LITTLE GEM
— IT'S GOOD ALRIGHT!"



"... WAIT TILL NAUSEA
SEES THIS BIG
HANDSOME DIAL!!"



"NOTE THE SLICK MODERN
APPEARANCE — THAT'S
ME ALL OVER!!"



SEE 'MODERNE'
AT YOUR
HEALING DEALER'S

Take it from Arthur, playmates, "Moderne" has got something — the lot! Just check these "star" features — compact size, yet a power-house of entertainment (like me) . . . clean-moulded appearance, styled modern-as-the-minute (I am enjoying this) . . . wide-open dial, so distinctive in character (ho hum). But "Moderne's" got something that even I can't match, playmates. That "tone, that belongs to Golden Voice alone." Yes, playmates, it's "Moderne" for me from now on. It'll be "Moderne" for you too, when you see it and hear it at your Healing dealer's.

4 valves, 6" speaker. In walnut, ivory or pastel-green. Designed to fit right on to the wall in flats where shelf-space is limited, or for commercial use.

HEALING *Golden Voice* RADIO

"TONE THAT BELONGS TO



GOLDEN VOICE ALONE"

A. G. HEALING LIMITED • MELBOURNE • SYDNEY • ADELAIDE • BRISBANE

6096 Fashion PATTERNS

F6044. — Infant's dress. Sizes, 6 to 18 months. Requires 1½ yds. 36in. material and 4 yds. lace edging. Price, 1/8.

Pattern for beginners

F6108. — Beginner's pattern for a smart one-piece. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material and 1½ yds. edging. Special price, 1/3.



F6096. — Formal ball gown featuring pannier skirt. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 9 yds. 36in. material and 2½ yds. edging. Price, 2/4.



6044



6108



F6109. — Smartly tailored coat-dress. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material and 1½ yds. contrast. Price, 2/2.

F6110. — A pretty feminine design for a printed silk. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/2.

F6032. — Matron's edge-to-edge coat. Sizes, 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 54in. material. Price, 2/4.

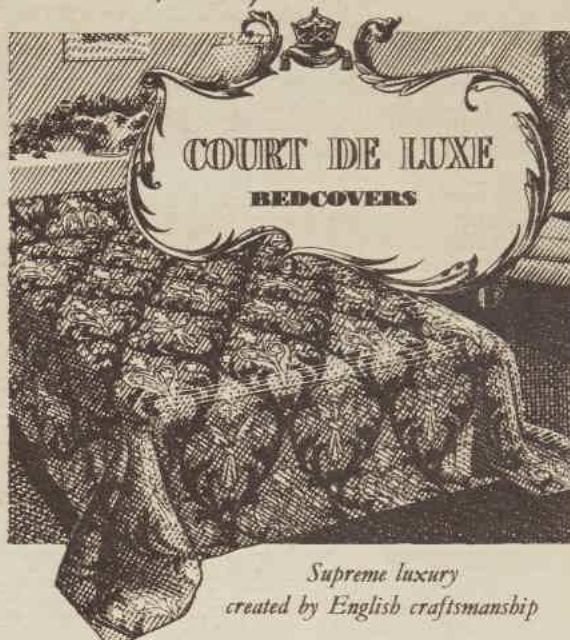


6110

6032

TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 49.

Vantona proudly announce their new...



Supreme luxury created by English craftsmanship

HERE is new luxury and beauty for your bedroom with Vantona's latest triumph! For Vantona's "Court de Luxe" bedcovers bring you English craftsmanship at its best.

You'll love the designs—designs based on ageless classical inspirations—the glorious new colours, the wonderful new type of weave that gives the "Court de Luxe" a luxurious weight, so that it drapes

smoothly with never a crease to mar its beauty. See, too, how it bestows on your bedroom the charm and elegance found in gracious homes!

And as the years pass you'll be proud to see your bedcover looking as new and lovely as it did the day you bought it!

Choose your Court de Luxe from 6 different designs, each in any of the following colours: ROYAL, RESEDA, BURGUNDY OR OYSTER.

Illustrated in the Empire design. Prices from 34/- to 9 gns.

VANTONA Court BEDCOVERS

VANTONA TEXTILES LIMITED · MANCHESTER · ENGLAND



JOINT PAINS

that's where the pain USED to be

The delights of freedom are doubled when De Witt's Pills release you from the crippling imprisonment of joint pains. Not everybody realises that the kidneys play a vital part in maintaining the health of the whole body. Their task is to filter and expel waste matter and impurities.

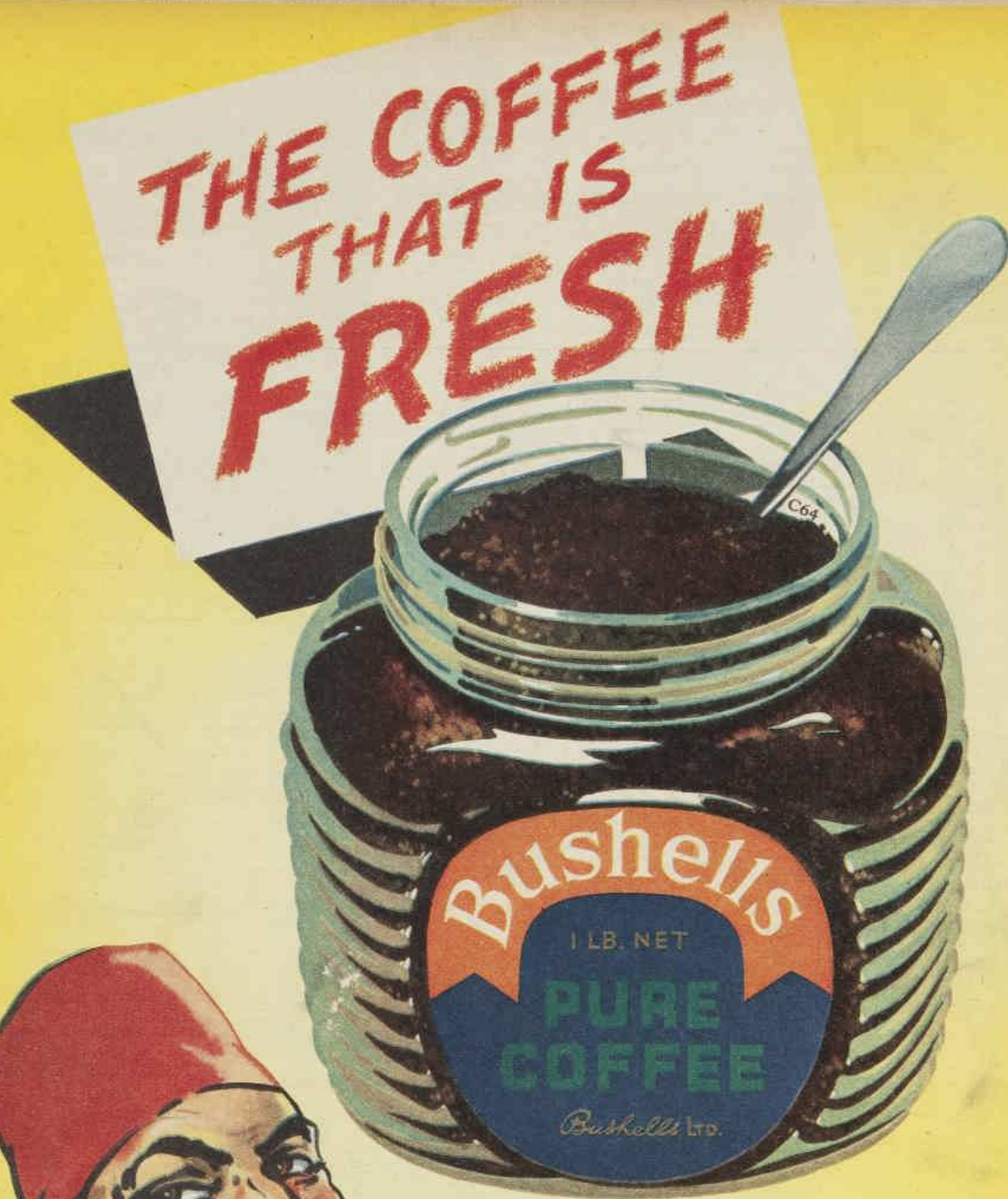
If the kidneys become slack or sluggish, these impurities remain in the system and may set up all sorts of rheumatic mischief. De Witt's Pills go right to the root of the trouble—they are made specially to cleanse and tone up the kidneys.

How well De Witt's Pills do the job may be judged by the remarkable reputation which they have built up all over the world. You can skip through the housework with a song, go shopping with a smile and work with a will once those tired kidneys are restored to healthy activity.

Go to your chemist or store and get De Witt's Pills for your joint pains, and you, too, will be able to say: "That's where the pain used to be!" For economy, buy the 5/9 size—it contains two and a half times the quantity of the 3/- size.

DE WITT'S PILLS

For Kidney and Bladder Troubles



MAKE IT JUST AS YOU DO TEA

Put the Coffee in a warm pot.
Pour on briskly boiling water.
Stand five minutes, strain and serve

Bushell's

BUY A JAR — TO-DAY